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THE STABILITY
OF THE
COVENANT OF GRACE.

WADDELL.

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THE STABILITY

OF THE

COVENANT OF GRACE,

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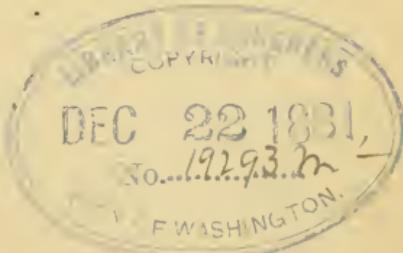
OTHER POEMS.

DAVID ✓ BY
WADDELL.
"

NEW YORK.

1881.

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COPYRIGHT,
1881,
By DAVID WADDELL.

DEDICATION.

TO MRS. DR. ALEXANDER BUCHANAN.

MY DEAREST FRIEND :

THROUGHOUT years of long experience of your unfeigned friendship and charity that cluster around me in action, speaking louder than oratory, and giving the highest test of friendship and sincerity,—

Bound as we are together by the bond of a common humanity, and by that far more glorious bond of a common Saviour,—

I would, therefore, dedicate to you these few simple lines, woven together with the coarse threads of an ordinary education, praying that through our united prayers a ray of light from them may shine upon the pathway of some wanderer in darkness and despair, and guide their erring feet back to the way of happiness and peace, and at length to joy and felicity in the Father's House above. This is the earnest desire of

Your devoted Friend,

DAVID WADDELL.

NEW YORK, *October, 1881.*

PREFACE.

IN almost every newspaper that we may take up, sacred or secular, daily or weekly, we will find what is technically called the Poet's Corner, where melodiously or otherwise the attempt is made to express ideas in rhythm. The oldest, the easiest, the truest, and yet in some respect the most difficult method of communicating thoughts; but when published and given to the world, they become the common heritage of humanity, subject alike to censure or praise, and to be tried in the crucible of time. The fascination of poetry, however, and the musical element existing almost in every human breast, leads many to make the effort; but the effort to express thought in the poetic vein on the part of any one, calls for the largest charity and a liberal allowance for poetic license.

The Author of the following simple pieces does not claim for them high poetical qualities, nor for

that matter not even the necessary poetic culture. They were not written to be published. The publication is an afterthought; moreover, the pieces are mostly of a personal or local character that must necessarily be of chief interest to the persons themselves, some of whom are living, many having passed on before to the world of spirits.

The aim is to do good, to mention the loving-kindness of the Lord, and the wondrous mercy of our Great Shepherd King.

All of them point a moral, many of them point to the Lamb of God as the sinner's friend.

The lyrical element is abundantly manifest, as is also the objective nature of the writer's mind.

The nightingale among birds is not noted for its plumage or beauty; small, and of homely feather, singing shyly and in obscurity; but no one will dispute its claim to be a prince of songsters.

“Worth makes the man,
The want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunella.”

So it is with all spoken or written words, the best of all is *sincerity*, the good *felt*, the good *in-*

tended, the good done. The Author can then say with Southey :

“ Go then my little bark from this my solitude,
I cast thee on the waters, go thy ways,
And if perchance thy aim be good
The world will find thee after many days.”

NEW YORK, *October 28, 1881.*

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THE STABILITY
OF
THE COVENANT OF GRACE.

I.

REJOICE, all ye mourning ones,
And praise God's glorious grace ;
His covenant stable is and sure,
For you all things embrace.

II.

Within its folds are treasures rich,
Yea, treasures that will last ;
And all secured by truth and love,
And by his oath made fast.

III.

Consoling thought ! ye sorrowing ones,
All-powerful bands and stout,

Around your covenant treasures are,
Should banish every doubt.

IV.

Away with all despairing thoughts !
Away with slavish fears !
Take courage from his glorious word,
And dry up all your tears.

V.

For all the powers of Earth and Hell,
Combined, will be in vain ;
The glorious Covenant of Grace,
Unbroken, shall remain.

VI.

Although in flames of fire the Earth
And Heavens pass away ;
The Covenant, amidst the wreck,
Like Throne of God shall stay.

VII.

Then shout, ye sons and daughters all
Of Adam's fallen race ;
All ye who have for safety fled
Within the folds of grace.

VIII.

Sing of your safety, sing aloud,
And praise his glorious name ;
Let your Redeemer's love and truth
Forever be your theme.

IX.

Within its folds, oh, how secure,
On that dark gloomy night ;
When death is opening wide the door
To realms of endless light !

X.

There all the things of grace, once more,
Shall open fold by fold ;
And things that through a glass were seen,
In light thou shalt behold.

XI.

Then shall thy soul, with notes anew,
Join with the ransomed race,
In songs to him who ordered, sure,
The Covenant of Grace.

January, 1863.

OUR EMMA,

WHO DIED MARCH 30, 1863.

I.

I THINK I see our Emma,
Her image in my sight ;
I think I see her smile,
And cunning eyes so bright.

II.

I think I see her sitting,
Beside me on her chair ;
Her skin of purest white,
And golden ringlets fair.

III.

I think I see her supping,
Out of her tiny cup ;
A-pouring out the tea,
And the sugar stirring up.

IV.

I think I see her playing,
With ark and little toys ;
At night around the table,
With mother and the boys.

V.

I think I hear her praying :
“ Lord, keep me through ‘aw night ;
Watch o’er and give me sleep,
Until ‘aw morning light.”

VI.

I think I see her sick,
Upon her dying bed ;
Our little Emma tossing,
Nowhere to ease her head.

VII.

I think I see the moment,
She calmly breathed her last ;
When o’er her lovely cheeks,
Death’s chilling hand had passed.

VIII.

I think I see her coffin,
Age—four years and date—
March the thirtieth, graven
On the little plate.

IX.

I think I see her lying,
As if sleeping sound,

OUR EMMA.

Her arms upon her breast,
With silken ribbon bound.

X.

I think I see her mother
Bending o'er her dear ;
Kissing her cold lips,
And drop a parting tear.

XI.

I think I see her grave,
In Greenwood—lovely spot ;
Near by a little tree,
That marks our family lot.

XII.

I think I see her laid
Upon her brother's breast ;
Among her little sisters,
Sweetly taking rest.

XIII.

I think I see her spirit
Singing up in heaven ;
Arrayed in robes of white,
By her Redeemer given.

XIV.

I think I'll see her soon,
The time is very near,
When I again shall meet,
Our Emma, loved so dear.

A LOOK AT THE PLAN OF REDEMPTION.

I.

ETERNITY, without a bound,
An ocean without coast ;
In that unfathomable deep,
The finite mind is lost.

II.

In that mysterious chamber, where
The angels veil their face,
There, the Almighty planned a way,
To save our ruined race.

III.

Mysterious Three, in mystery wrapped,
The Eternal holy one,
In Eden's garden, first announced
That work on earth begun.

IV.

Upon that fatal day, when Eve
And Adam ate, and fell,
And sunk them and posterity
Down to the lowest hell.

V.

Then through the gloom, a ray of hope,
That from the woman's seed,
A glorious One would yet arise,
To bruise the serpent's head.

VI.

From age to age the tidings spread,
Each prophet had his say :
Our father Abraham rejoiced
To see that coming day.

VII.

The sages wise from lands remote,
From eastern climes afar,
To Bethlehem haste, with treasures rich,
Their guide a brilliant star.

VIII.

Before the manger-cradled babe,
Their gifts and offerings pay,
Rejoicing greatly, that their eyes
Had seen the Star of day.

IX.

Though poor and humble was his lot,
And lowly his abode ;
His glorious miracles proclaimed
Him the Almighty God.

X.

Behold ! the blind receive their sight,
The lame do leap and walk ;
The lepers cleansed, the deaf to hear,
The speechless tongue to talk.

XI.

The evil spirits know his name,
And own his kingly sway ;
His powerful word the legions bind,
And wrests from them their prey.

XII

The grave gives up the slumbering dead,
That in it long hath lain ;
The sleeping Lazarus revives,
And wakes to life again.

XIII.

With fishes small, and loaves a few,
He blessed, and thousands fed ;
By night the mountain-side was oft
His closet and his bed.

XIV.

The stormy winds obey his voice,
He stills the mighty waves,
He on its boisterous bosom walks,
And sinking Peter saves.

XV.

Behold, the time approaches fast,
That hour he was betrayed,
Stern justice holds the Son of God,
Until all debts are paid.

XVI.

Behold, him in the garden stretched,
The sword of justice wakes,
His heavenly Father spared him not,
But on him vengeance takes.

XVII.

Gethsemane ! Oh ! linger there,
Behold, the bloody sweat,
From every pore, oh ! see the drops,
His agony most complete.

XVIII.

Dark, dark, the night but blacker far,
The foul and murderous deed.
The traitor's kiss, the Saviour bound,
And hurried off with speed.

XIX.

Behold him, scourged and crowned with thorns !
By ruffians spit upon ;
Denied with oaths, his followers fled,
The Saviour left alone !

XX.

See guilty Pilate wash his hands !
But ah ! the task is vain ;
Naught but that Saviour's blood will wash
Away that guilty stain.

XXI.

In midst of thieves, transgressors vile,
Nailed to the cursèd tree ;
Aha ! by passers-by reviled,
Their wagging heads, oh see !

XXII.

“ My God ! my God ! ” last dying scene !
Then yielded up the ghost.
The temple's veil is rent in twain.
The massive rocks are tossed.

XXIII.

Look in, behold, the rock-hewn tomb
Where the Redeemer lay ;
Until that glorious morning dawned,
The third, the rising day.

XXIV.

Behold him gloriously ascend,
In midst of angels strong ;
Lift up your heads, ye gates, was sung
By all that glorious throng.

XXV.

Behold, at last with clouds he comes,
Descending from the skies,
His powerful voice will reach the grave,
And bid the dead arise.

XXVI.

The sentence from that glorious Judge,
“Depart !” awaits for some :
To others, hear the joyful words—
“Come in, ye blesséd, come.”

XXVII.

Then, then, Redemption’s plan will end,
And time, with age, grown hoary,
Shall in eternity be cast,
The saints all home in glory.

XXVIII.

Not for the angels, but for you,
Oh ! man, of Adam’s race,
For you this glorious plan was drawn
In rich and sovereign grace.

XXIX.

For you, he shut the gate of hell,
And op'd the gate to heaven ;
For you, oh saint, he hath prepared,
A place among the living.

October 3, 1864.



A LOOK AT THE PAST.

I.

THE angry storm abroad doth sweep,
And wakes the sullen slumbering deep ;
The wind and snow a concert keep,
 And merry dance :
The little flakes like fairies leap,
 And wheel and prance.

II.

The sashes clatter in the case,
The long-tongued chimney sings the base,
The little mice around me pace,
 In search of food ;
And pick the crumbs around the place,
 For their young brood.

III.

As o'er the stove my hands I spread,
Content and warm, I felt so glad
That I had food, a home, and bed,
 This stormy night ;
My musing thoughts to scenes were led,
 Long ta'en their flight.

IV.

To bring my years to days I try,
And found the number had run high ;
Near twenty thousand had gone by,
 But ill improved ;
I felt within a rising sigh,
 The thought had moved.

V.

My thoughts ran o'er the past in fears,
O'er sins of youth, and riper years,
Much need to weep repentant tears,
 For what I've done ;
Like ghosts my buried sins appear,
 No way to shun.

VI.

From out the graves of the long past,
In hosts my sins are gathering fast ;

Until like mountains grown so vast,
Legion their name ;
Past calculation at the last,
For still they came.

VII.

I felt uneasy in my chair,
And thought if all my sins that's there,
Another time be all laid bare,
Before God's face ;
If unforgiven, the end, despair,
And black disgrace.

VIII.

I felt within a fear and dread,
I thought I saw the rising dead,
I thought I heard the sentence read,
Depart : to some ;
And others, blessings on their head,
Were bid to come :

IX.

I cried : Lord, spare and pity me,
And of thy mercy set me free,
The chief of sinners flees to thee,
On thee I call ;
That thou my sins, in deepest seas
Would cast them all.

X.

I found that “Eighteen sixty-three,”
Was just about prepared to flee ;
I watched to see it turn the key
 And flight begin,
With its exit, the new I see
 Come smiling in.

XI.

I then resolved let come what may,
More watchful I would be each day,
Lest in some wicked course or way,
 I might be led ;
I knelt me down, and then did pray,
 And went to bed.

December 31, 1863.

STEPPING AWAY FROM CHURCH.

THE first he leaves the family pew,
And sits behind from parent’s view ;
And soon a want of heavenly grace,
In all his actions you can trace ;
He seldom cares to lift a book,
But round him stares with wanton look ;
But, ah ! he feels uneasy still,
And so, to gratify his will,

He moves again and finds a pew,
Still further from his parent's view.
He now begins to come in late,
And with him oft a careless mate,
But like the troubled sea, his sin
Begets uneasy thoughts within ;
More to his taste, and more secure,
He finds a sitting next the door ;
Here for a time he feels at ease,
He goes and comes just as he please ;
He next from church begins to stay,
One half of every Sabbath day.
Again, you see him very soon,
Come bustling in mid-afternoon ;
And as it suits, now and again,
In steps the wanderer with a cane ;
Ah ! now, alas, he's seldom seen,
His visits scarce and far between,
Once in a month, next once a year,
Like stalking ghosts he may appear.
And spectre-like, that shuns the light,
He from the church has ta'en his flight ;
Now, on the downward path to ruin,
With Satan at his heels pursuing,
Upon destruction's fatal road,
That leads from life, and far from God,
His feet in every evil course,
Still hurrying on from bad to worse,

Till on the brink of black despair,
His little life hung by a hair ;
If then unable to repent,
Or pardoning mercy not prevent,
One other step, oh ! sad condition,
That step in endless perdition.
Ye wandering ones, of Adam's race,
At once your wandering steps retrace,
Count, ere too late, the dreadful cost,
Think on a soul forever lost !

June, 1863.



TO SISTER BETHEA.

I.

MY dear Bethea, think it not,
That thy dear brother hath forgot
 His sister kind.
Thou in my prayers hast a share,
And when upon my knees, I bear
 Thee in my mind.

II.

But, oft, dear “Bet,” for want of time,
I find it hard to write or rhyme,
 Or to compose ;

Up in the morning, with the lark,
And working hard, till it is dark.
The day does close.

III.

But now, again with flickering light,
I steal a silent hour from night,
When all's asleep ;
My weary limbs from toil set free,
My thoughts are wafted off to thee,
Across the deep.

IV.

To home and scenes long fled away,
Where oft we spent the happy day.
Round Curriemoor,
Then on the horizon no cloud,
Youth's sun in darkness to enshroud,
Or to obscure.

V.

In life's gay morn, like roes so fleet,
How we did run with nimble feet,
And play at "tig."
The woods re-echoed back the sound,
As we did laugh and tumble round,
O'er "fur" and "rig."

VI.

Then in the long cold winter night,
 Around the fire all snug and right,
 Each with a stocking,
 Our father used to set the heel,
 And mother burling at her wheel,
 And cradle rocking ;

VII.

But ah ! the change ! from time has fled,
 One sister and two brothers dead,
 And parents kind ;
 That God, allwise, has seen it fit
 To take them home, and leave us yet
 Awhile behind.

VIII.

My dearest “Bet,” may you and I,
 Improve the moments, ere they fly,
 That God hath given :
 Then bless’d shall be our latter end,
 And we eternity shall spend,
 With God in heaven.

IX.

Dear “Bet,” each time you kneel to pray;
 Your brother mind, that’s far away,
 Across the sea ;

Adieu : your brother I remain,
I would be pleased to see again,
Some lines from thee.

April 6, 1864.



TO MARY REED WITH MY LIKENESS.

I.

DEAR Mary, youngest daughter thou,
Of parents now in heaven,
This likeness of thy father's friend,
At your request is given.

II.

I often fancy that I see
Your father's kindly face ;
Whereon was stamped a pleasant smile,
The work of saving grace.

III.

Sweet moments, oft, I've spent with him,
Alone where none could see ;
And oft, before a Throne of Grace,
We both would bend the knee.

IV.

But, ah ! that noble spirit's fled,
 Away from scenes of strife ;
To where, by faith, he saw his name,
 In the Lamb's Book of Life.

V.

Dear Mary, walk then in his steps,
 Walk in that narrow road,
And thou shalt see thy father's face,
 And see thy father's God.

VI.

Remember me, your father's friend,
 Each time you bend your knee,
That I, your father's God may see,
 And ever with him be.

February, 1864.

LINES ON A LITTLE MOUSE.

ONE Sabbath, seated all alone,
A little mouse from 'neath the stone,
 Poked out its little head ;
With stealthy steps it ventured out,
And nimbly did run about,
 And found a little bread.

With watchful little eye and ear,
It nibbled up the crumbs in fear ;
Then hastily ran away.
That God, I thought, that mousey feeds,
Will plenteously supply my needs,
And feed me day by day.

June, 1864.

TO BE WITH CHRIST, FAR BETTER.

I.

OH ! how I long to be away
Where I shall praise, and cease to pray ;
Oh ! how I long to be set free,
My soul with Christ would better be.

II.

I long to be within that place,
Where Satan dares not show his face ;
Where sin my soul can ne'er annoy,
Nor ever mar my peace and joy.

III.

Oh, welcome, welcome, joyous morn !
When I, a weary pilgrim worn,
Shall cease to pray and ever praise,
Through endless, endless, endless days.

August 17, 1864.

A VISIT TO OUR CHILDREN'S GRAVE.

I.

I LOVE this spot, this grassy mound,
Where our dear children sleep ;
Endearing thoughts of those beneath,
Around me gently creep.

II.

Each little form, as when alive,
Seem'd up before me rise ;
Their lovely faces wore a smile,
And clear their sparkling eyes.

III.

It seem'd as if each little voice,
Sweet as the morning air,
So gently whispered in my ear,
My dear papa, prepare !

IV.

Yes, yes, my little ones, I hear
That very earnest cry ;
I'll learn to live to Christ each day,
And daily learn to die.

V.

With you at last may I be laid,
Beneath this grassy mound ;
In one another's arms to sleep,
Until the trumpet's sound.

Greenwood, Aug. 25, 1864.



TO MARION SOMERVILLE.

FOR HER ALBUM.

I.

FAR, far away, perhaps to see
Your native land no more ;
A stranger and a pilgrim here,
Upon a foreign shore.

II.

Oh ! may that God, that brought you safe
Across the stormy deep,
Watch over Marion in this land,
Awake and when asleep.

III.

May he that knows your every want,
Rich blessings to you send ;
And through life's pilgrimage, you guide
In safety to the end.

IV.

At last, when on the Jordan banks,
With trembling feet you stand,
He in his arms will bear you safe
Into that happy land.

V.

There, there, the weary pilgrims rest,
Life's voyage then is o'er ;
A stranger in a foreign land,
Will Marion be no more.

September 29, 1864.

TO MARIA WALKER.

FOR HER ALBUM.

I.

AMONGST your friends, I see reserved,
A little spot for me ;
With them I join in wishing health,
And happiness to thee.

II.

But wishing friends are empty things,
If not our friends in need,
A helping friend gives plainest proof,
He is our friend indeed.

III.

True friendship, sweetest maiden fair,
Sweet as the flowers in bloom,
Oh, ill befall that treacherous one,
Would dare that name assume !

IV.

Our earthly friends prove often false,
And oft our ruin plan ;
Cursed is the man, the scripture says,
That puts his trust in man.

V.

There is a Friend, a Friend the best,
And like him not another ;
A Friend in need, forever true,
Is Christ our elder Brother.

September 29, 1864.

A VISIT TO THE MISSES LAW'S.

I.

OUR family on a visit went,
Not many nights ago ;
Perhaps were I to tell you where,
The family you might know.

II.

We spent a happy, happy night,
The best I ever saw ;
For all the arrangements of the night,
Were strictly done by Law.

September 29, 1864.

A PRAYER FOR OUR BLEEDING
COUNTRY.

I.

O LORD, thou Sovereign, great in power,
Defend this nation, in her hour
 Of greatest need ;
Our national sins, O Lord forgive,
Turn us again, that we may live
 Our cause Lord plead.

II.

Defend, O Lord, the cause that's right,
By thy all-powerful arm of might,
 I thee implore ;
Our soldiers, Lord, protect and shield,
Upon the bloody battle-field ;
 Of red, red gore.

III.

Our bleeding country, rent and torn,
For her, O Lord ! we weep and mourn,
 And look to thee ;
That thou as King would o'er us reign,
And this great nation once again
 From war set free.

IV.

Before the world's wondering eyes,
Lord make this nation yet arise,
 To better days ;
When o'er this land, from sea to sea,
Both black and white, a nation free,
 Thy name shall praise.

November 5, 1864.



THANKSGIVING DAY.

I.

OUR wants, O Lord, thou hast supplied,
Since last Thanksgiving Day ;
Give grateful hearts, for all received,
We do thee humbly pray.

II.

For us, O Lord, throughout the year,
A table thou hast spread ;
Our clothing thou hast furnished,
Likewise our daily bread.

III.

In perfect peace thou hast us kept,
In midst of war and strife,
And thou, O Lord, another year,
Hath spared our natural life.

IV.

Forgive, O Lord, our family sins,
Accept our family thanks ;
Throughout this nation, may thy name
Be honored by all ranks.

November 24, 1864.



ON THE DEATH OF MY BELOVED WIFE.

WHO DIED FEBRUARY 23, 1865.

I.

I STOOD beside her dying bed,
I heard her latest sigh,
Her bosom heaved ; but, oh, alas !
It only heaved to die.

II.

My wife, yea more, a mother too,
To both the boys and me ;
That cheerful face on earth again,
We never more shall see.

III.

Again the ruthless hand of death,
Another link hath broke ;
Once more, a voice from heaven cries,
Awake, ye little flock.

IV.

From our already broken ranks,
Another one is gone ;
And I bereavement's bitter cup,
This time, must drink alone.

V.

Fain would I turn from it away,
I backward from it shrink,
My lips refuse the bitter draught,
That I, alas, must drink.

VI.

Still more and more, I wake to feel,
The want of her that's gone ;
Still more I feel my loneliness,
And feel myself alone.

VII.

Our house no more is like the same,
It wants her tidy hand,
She knew where everything was laid,
And everything should stand.

VIII.

Alas, not any more we see,
Her glide from room to room ;
Without her, everything would seem
To wear a sullen gloom.

IX.

She never more will cheer our home,
Nor in our joys share ;
Nor will she e'er in sorrow's hour,
Part of our sorrows bear.

X.

No more will she on Sabbath morn,
With us for church prepare ;
No more will she lay out our clothes,
Or fix the boys' hair.

XI.

No more will she on Sabbath night,
The catechism say ;
She never more with us on earth,
Shall bow her knees to pray.

XII.

The stroke is hard, yet God is just,
His ways all equal be ;
Oh, then submission to his will
Becomes a worm like me !

XIII.

Although, through the dark gloomy cloud,
My weary way I grope,
Yet still, there is a brighter side,
That yields a little hope.

XIV.

Although I weep, yet, I within
A lively hope retain ;
That she, in a Redeemer's blood,
Is washed from every stain.

XV.

Rest, dearest wife, in Greenwood, rest ;
Rest from thy labors, rest ;
Rest with thy children sleeping sound
Upon a mother's breast.

XVI.

Farewell ! still loved, although in death,
I weep, unheard by thee ;
Oh, who will soothe my dying hour ?
And drop a tear for me ?

XVII.

O'er those that's left, in mercy, Lord,
Thy mantle round us cast
To screen us in affliction's hour,
And through life's bitter blast.

FAREWELL TO GREENWOOD.

I.

PERHAPS, I never more may see
This lovely spot and willow-tree ;
Whose weeping branches gently wave
O'er a loved wife and childrens' grave.

II.

The rosebush, planted at the head
Of our beloved, lamented dead,
Will blossom o'er their moldering clay,
When, from this spot, I'm far away.

III.

Perhaps, that God and guide, the best,
May so arrange that here I rest
Beneath this little willow tree,
This spot on earth so dear to me.

IV.

Farewell : our God's unerring hand
Is pointing to my native land ;
Where'er I roam this lovely spot
Shall never, never be forgot.

June 1, 1865.

THE SEA.

ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP "CALEDONIA," JUNE 21, 1865.

WHEN I look on the mighty deep,
Beneath whose waves the thousands sleep ;
When I look on the silvery waves,
The monuments of many graves,—
Can I forget that God, that made,
And hath the sea's foundations laid,
And gathered it into a heap ;
And barred the doors around the deep,
And who, with his almighty hand,
Around it binds a swaddling band,
And to the raging sea hath said,
Thy proudest waves shall here be staid !—
Can I forget on him to call,
Who made the fishes large and small ;
Who made the birds of air to sweep,
Across the surface of the deep,

And o'er the waters skip and rest,
Upon boisterous billow's breast ?
Do I forget, when storms arise,
With billows bounding to the skies,
That He, our God, walks on the main,
And stills the raging waves again ;
And says to all, be of good cheer,
For I, a gracious God, am near ?
May all on board, in thee confide,
That thou our little bark will guide ;
Then shall our lips give praise to thee,
Thou mighty God, that made the sea.

TO CAPTAIN FERRIER,

COMMANDER OF THE STEAMSHIP "CALEDONIA."

I.

SUCCESS to Captain Ferrier !
Long may his manly form
Be seen, where duty calls him ;
And foremost in the storm.

II.

Long in the Caledonia,
May he his trips renew ;
Long life to every officer,
And all his gallant crew !

III.

If so arranged, for me to leave
My native land again,
Along with Captain Ferrier,
I'll cross the raging main.

IV.

Farewell : my fellow-passenger,
Long, long remembered be
Our trip with Captain Ferrier ;
So safely o'er the sea.

THE WADDELLS' GRAVE.

NEW MONKLAND, SCOTLAND.

O'ER twenty years have fled and gone,
Since I beheld this time-worn stone,
Whose chiseled page most plainly tells
The resting-place of the Waddells.
Where underneath, cold, icy cold,
Lie many Waddells young and old ;
Yea, generations, long forgot,
Lie crumbling neath this little spot.
Could they, as if by magic wand,
Raise, up aloft, each withered hand,

Each bony finger, joint by joint,
To dissolution's hour would point,
Once more, my wandering feet have press'd
This grassy grave—a mother's rest,
Where worms on that fair bosom feed,
Where rested, once, my infant head ;
Yea, oft, that mother's prayers and tears
Have followed me through after years.
And here a father, side by side
That once my youthful steps did guide,
That oft upon his bended knee,
A Savior's love has sought for me ;
And here, death's chilling hand hath laid
A younger brother with the dead ;
Closed is that once bright eye and ear,
To all below he held so dear,
Unknown to him, that mother's sighs,
Unheeded are his children's cries,
That heart, that oft for others bled,
Alas ! is numbered with the dead.
And underneath this earthly crust,
He minglest with his kindred dust.
Another still, a sister small,
The first away our God did call,
To her life's journey scarce begun,
When death eclipsed her rising sun.
Rest, little sister, rest thee here,
A mother, kind, is sleeping near,
Yea, underneath, lie not a few,
Of Waddells, young, along with you ;

Yea, o'er this grave, the winds may blow,
And angry storms of sleet and snow,
May like a torrent sweep amain,
And rage and waste their strength in vain,
Still, underneath the snow's white crest,
The Waddells undisturbed shall rest ;
Until that day, when powerful hands
Shall break the grave's devouring bands ;
That day shall many a Waddell rise,
To meet the Saviour in the skies ;
All clad in robes of purest white,
To reign with Christ in realms of light.
Farewell : New Monkland, dear to me,
Perhaps I never more may see
This old revered and foggy stone,
And yard, with nettles overgrown.
Farewell : this old and hallowed place,
Where sleeps, in peace, the Waddell race.
May God, a gracious God, each day,
Cause thoughts of death my actions sway,
Oh ! may it still remembered be,
A yawning grave awaits for me ;
Yea, when beyond the Atlantic wave,
I'll mind this spot—the Waddells' grave.

July, 1865.

LINES AT THE GRAVE OF MY BROTHER
JOHN.

I.

He sleeps, our brother sleeps in death,
His earthly race is run ;
Most faithfully he labored on,
Until his work was done.

II.

He sleeps, our brother sleeps in death,
Closed is that once bright eye ;
No more he sees a sister kind,
And brother sitting by.

III.

He sleeps, our brother sleeps in death,
No sounds disturb his ear ;
Unheeded are our sobs and cries,
Unheeded are our tears.

IV.

He sleeps, our brother sleeps in death,
Our God his dust shall keep,
And on the resurrection morn,
Shall wake him from his sleep.

V.

He sleeps, our brother sleeps in death,
Hark ! from that dark abode,
A brother's voice proclaim aloud,
Prepare to meet your God !

July, 1865.

ON THE DEATH OF MATTHEW BAILLIE.

I.

THE mist of death is gathering,
Life's tide is ebbing fast,
That little bosom heaving,
Is heaving out its last.

II.

Another painful struggle,
Another—only one,
Those lips—one other quiver,
The victory is won.

III.

Those little arms so restless,
For help spread open wide,
Now motionless are lying,
Stretched calmly by his side.

IV.

Those little feet, so nimble,
That used to run and play,
Are stiffened now and lifeless,
And chilly cold, like clay.

V.

That little head, that nestled
Upon a mother's breast,
In death's cold arms is sleeping
In silence now, at rest.

VI.

Those little eyes, once bright,
Now glazen ; sad to tell,
Have looked their latest look ;
A long, a last farewell.

VII.

Farewell : dear Matthew Baillie,
A time is near at hand,
When we again shall meet,
In that far better land.

September, 1865.

THE FOOLISH CROW.

ON STEAMSHIP " CALEDONIA," BOUND FOR NEW YORK.

I bid you welcome, little crow,
You're out your latitude, I know;
Alas ! poor thing ; alas ! for thee,
Thou'rt o'er a hundred miles at sea,
Thy black companions on the shore,
I fear will never see thee more ;
Your little, glossy, heaving breast
Betokens you in need of rest ;
Light down, awhile, poor little thing,
And rest thy weary, flapping wing—
That rope will make an excellent seat,
Cling to it with thy little feet ;
When tired of swinging to and fro,
Light down upon the deck below ;
And search around for crumbs of bread,
To satisfy your craving need ;
Or, if you wish some richer fare,
Hop gently down the cabin stair,
There you will find things good, I know,
To suit the taste of any crow ;
There you can hop around, and play
With the two larks, caught t'other day ;
And if thought needful for your stomach,
With them you may have " pea-meal drom-
ach ; "

And then, you know, that little pair,
So nice and sweet could sing the air,
And you, though not of singing race,
Could croak as well's you can the base ;
Like them, you may become a pet,
And into highest honor get.
But spite my kindest invitation,
The crow despised its own salvation,
In spite what man to bird could say,
It left the ship and flew away ;
Perhaps to find a watery grave,
Beneath the blue Atlantic wave.
So like this crow, the human race
That spurn and flee from offered grace,
That shun and hate that counsel best,
That points them to a place of rest,
And hurry on to meet their fate,
And see their folly, when too late ;
May I, O God, where ere I go,
Learn from this little foolish crow,
To every counsel wise to hark,
And flee for safety to the ark.

October, 1865.

THE OCEAN CHILD.

AT SEA, OCTOBER 8, 1865.

I.

KIND hearts around you gather,
Cheer up unfortunate one ;
Clasp closer to your bosom
Your little ocean son.

II.

To all on board a stranger,
But never, never fear ;
That friend that sticketh closer
Is ever, ever near.

III.

Dark clouds around you hover,
And blacker yet may rise,
Hope gloomy thoughts will scatter,
And clear your clouded sky.

IV.

Confess your sinful folly,
Unto Jehovah say,
Forgive, O Lord, a wanderer—
A wanderer from thy way.

V.

Give thanks for safe deliverance,
Before him bow the knee,
Think on his lovingkindness,
Upon the mighty sea.

VI.

Present him with an offering—
Thyself, thy little one,
Go, dedicate him early
To God's Eternal Son.

VII.

Seek out thy vile seducer,
Pray, that the rover wild,
As wife and mother greet thee,
And love his ocean child.

THE WIND WHISTLING ON THE DEEP.

AT SEA, OCTOBER 12, 1865.

ENOUGH, ye winds, oh ! why not cease,
And let the monster lie at peace ?
Ah ! no : I hear you there again
A-whistling on the drowsy main ;

Once more, it rubs its watery eyes,
And upward frowns toward the skies ;
Again the sullen, slumbering deep
Wakes like a giant from his sleep,
And tens of thousands billows roam,
Equipped in silvery cups of foam ;
Defiant-like, the monsters rush,
As if our little bark to crush ;
Like mountains high, on board they leap,
Our little vessel's deck to sweep,
Then with a disappointed scowl,
They, angry, off to leeward growl ;
And fold themselves in their mad race,
In one another's huge embrace.
I love the land, the land for me,
I love it better than the sea :
If but preserved to reach the shore,
Ill 'tempt the raging seas no more.

ON SEEING THE WILD ANIMALS IN A MENAGERIE.

I.

YES, in your fierce voracious look,
In every howl and cry,
My sin is seen, in every flash
Of your wild, rolling eye.

II.

I dare not touch your shaggy mane,
Nor shake your massive paw ;
In every angry growl of yours,
I see the broken law.

III.

When father Adam named you all,
Docile you were, and mild ;
In safety then, might round you play
A simple little child.

IV.

But, ah ! the change, since Adam fell ;
When Satan Eve beguiled,
You fled in horror from the scene,
To range the forest wild.

V.

You thirst for blood, I see it plain,
In every open jaw ;
You closely watch my every move,
To grasp me with your paw.

VI.

But spite your looks, I hear you preach,
Our Maker is divine ;
Yea, in your every form, I see
The Great Creator shine.

VII.

Farewell, awhile, perhaps a time
To us may come again,
When little children may you lead,
By your rough, shaggy mane.

December 25, 1864.

TWO LITTLE SISTERS.

DAUGHTERS OF HENRY HARRISON, WHO DIED WITHIN
THREE DAYS OF EACH OTHER.

Two lovely sisters, young and fair,
By parents nursed with tender care,
Whose every aim was to instill
In their young minds God's holy will ;
And early taught them how to frame
Their lips, to lisp a Saviour's name ;
And they, in turn, paid with a smile,
A father and a mother's toil ;
And from that happy home, each day,
Drove melancholy far away.
Like plants, that sip the morning dew,
These lovely little sisters grew ;
No cloud came o'er their youthful sky,
No apprehended danger nigh,

Their bosoms free from cankering care ;
For womanhood they both bid fair,
To act their part upon life's stage,
And soothe their parents drooping age ;
But, ah ! dark clouds obscure the sky,
A hurricane is looming nigh,
Time's ever-bearing womb revealed
That destiny in heaven sealed ;
And suddenly,—oh ! sad to tell—
Death's hand upon the youngest fell.
An embassy of angels strong,
Within the dying chamber throng,
And wafted to eternal rest,
The infant spirit from the breast ;
And then, within three days again,
They came and took dear little Jane,
Away to meet around the Throne,
Her little sister shortly gone ;
Once more each other to embrace,
And see a heavenly Father's face,
These sisters, lovely in their life,
Together fled a world of strife,
For so a gracious God decided,
In death they should not be divided,
In Greenwood, where the willows weep,
In one another's arms they sleep ;
Whil'st o'er their graves, the lovely spring,
The little birds shall sweetly sing
And light them down awhile to rest,
And near them build their little nest.

Then in the long, long summer day,
The flowers, in all their blossoms gay,
Shall o'er the sleepers, far beneath,
Entwine a little flowery wreath ;
By autumn winds, the trees shall spread
Their leafy garments o'er the dead ;
And winter, with its arms, shall throw
Around their grave a wreath of snow ;
And waves shall lash Long Island's shore,
And requiems sing till time's no more.

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE MAGINNIS.

I.

DEATH, the messenger of peace
To all in Christ that be,
Stepped in and took dear little George,
The youngest boy of three.

II.

Death gently loosed the silver cord,
And then his spirit fled
Away to mansions in the sky ;
Dear little George is dead.

III.

The parents, o'er their little George,
 With tears bedew his face ;
 That little body, cold in death,
 Has run its earthly race.

IV.

Away to Greenwood—lovely spot,
 Those mansions of the dead,
 There laid they little George to sleep,
 Upon his earthy bed.

V.

Ye mourning parents, dry your tears,
 No more for Georgy weep ;
 Your little one shall wake again,
 George only is asleep.

TO JOHN MEANS,

WHILE IN HIS NATIVE LAND, FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS HEALTH.

I.

MY dearest sir : I take it kind,
 That you old David keep in mind,
 Though far away ;
 So be it, John, let I and you
 Oil up old friendship's wheels anew,
 Let come what may.

II.

Cheered by the news in your last letter,
That you improved, and still grew better,
 Long may it last ;
In health, we hope you may return,
With us to meet, and to adjourn,
 As in times past.

III.

Though from your family separate wide,
A gracious God is by your side,
 Then all is well ;
Next time you write, if thought expedient,
Remember me, your most obedient,
 David Waddell.



ON THE DEATH OF ANNA LAW.

WHO DIED OF CONSUMPTION.

I little thought, some months ago,
To Anna, things would happen so ;
I little thought so near the day,
That Anna Law would be away ;
I little thought consumption's blast
Was hastening Anna to her last ;
I little thought that cheek in bloom,
Another hue would soon assume ;

I little thought that eye, so bright,
Was soon to be eclipsed in night.
I little thought the briny tear
So soon would fall upon her bier ;
I little thought the grass would wave
So soon o'er lovely Anna's grave.
I love the grace, that in her shone,
And weep with friends for Anna gone ;
I mourn with friends a sister's loss,
And help to bear their heavy cross,
I joy, that angels did attend,
On Anna, at her latter end ;
I joy that Anna's death was peace,
And that her joys will never cease ;
I joy, that Anna did attain
To wear the robe without a stain,
With Christ in heaven.
Let weeping friends a hope retain,
That Anna they shall meet again,
Among the living.

THE DYING HOUR OF MRS. BLAIR.

I.

She little said, she little said,
 She little had to say ;
But she was good, and all her life,
 Walked in that narrow way.

II.

As death approached, as death approached,
And seemed at hand to be ;
The last she said, my son, she said,
Thou hast been kind to me.

III.

She closed her eyes, she closed her eyes,
On all beneath the sun ;
God called her home, her spirit fled,
Her work on earth was done.

IV.

Few in our day, few in our day,
Could well with her compare ;
A peaceful death, a happy end,
Had our friend Mrs. Blair.

March 9, 1866.

OUR TOMMY.

LATE SON OF MR. DENHOLM.

I.

THE merry laugh, and clattering feet
Of little Tom,
Will never more be heard within
That happy home.

II.

That little twig, so fresh and green,
Life's dew that sipt ;
Death's chilling blast that blossom fair
Hath early nipt.

III.

His little sisters, left behind,
Seem dull and wae ;
For ah ! no little Tommy's there,
With them to play.

IV.

A father's tear, a mother's sigh,
Speaks grief most keen ;
For Tommy, silently alone,
They mourn unseen.

V.

That little form, that nestled once
On mother's breast ;
Sleeps in the icy arms of death,
In peaceful rest.

VI.

Farewell, farewell, dear little Tom,
If we attain,
Like thee, to win that glorious crown,
We'll meet again.

THE UNION SOLDIER.

ON THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER REED, AUGUST, 1866.

I.

IMMORTAL till his time,
 Around him heaven's shield,
That turned aside the bullets,
 That swept the battlefield.

II.

The first where duty called him,
 In danger's dark career ;
No coward in the battle,
 Nor straggler in the rear.

III.

Oft, lonely nights on picket,
 Deprived of rest and sleep ;
To him who never slumbers,
 He trusts his soul to keep.

IV.

Through war, in all its horrors,
 O'er heaps of comrades slain,
The youthful Union soldier
 Outlived his long campaign.

V.

Discharged the field with honor,
Kind hearts at home did burn ;
To meet the Union soldier,
And welcome his return.

VI.

Swift at the heels of joy,
Came sorrow's blackest train ;
That turned those eyes to weeping,
And rent their hearts with pain.

VII.

Immortal ; oh ! no longer
The youthful soldier brave,
Preserved through every danger,
To find a watery grave.

VIII.

All, all, decreed in heaven,
The waters yield their trust ;
And back to friends delivered
The Union soldier's dust :

IX.

Gathered to his fathers,
Our hope within is strong,
The youth, beloved, lamented,
Is 'mongst the ransomed throng.

THE RESURRECTION.

I.

ON that great and dread day, when the trumpet's
loud sound
 The dark grave shall enter ;
When God, terrible, shall arise, to shake the
heaven
 And earth to their center.

II.

When that same Almighty hand shall roll up the
heavens,
 Like a scroll together,
Then shall the whole, with a great noise pass
away,
 God only knows whither.

III.

Earth, reserved unto fire, kindled by the Al-
mighty,
 Shall cease its revolving ;
Terrible the conflagration, the whole mass flaming
By fierce heat dissolving.

IV.

On that day, may I have part in the first Resurrection,

With raised saints assembling ;

Then shall I stand before that awful Tribunal,

Without fear and trembling.

September 2, 1866.

BLAIR'S GRAVE.

COMPOSED AT THE GRAVE OF ELIZA BLAIR.

WE gathered around the re-opened grave,

Where her mother and brother are lying,

In silence, we lowered Eliza to rest ;

Her dust we commit to God's keeping.

II.

Each spadeful of earth on the lid, as it fell,

There rose up a sound deep and hollow,

As if with a voice to the living it said,

Soon, soon, very soon, you must follow.

III.

Though gloomy the grave, its gloom is dispelled,

As hope from the promise we borrow ;

That the sleepers in Christ God with him shall bring,

Gives comfort in midst of our sorrow.

IV.

As ages roll on, and her name be forgot,
And forgotten the place she is lying ;
Still, her name will remain engraved on the hand
Of her glorious Redeemer, undying.

September 29, 1866.

AN ADDRESS TO THE RISING SUN.

HAIL ! glorious sun, to me a feast,
To see thee rising in the East ;
Darting thy streaks across the sky,
As if to bid the night good-bye ;
Dispelling, with thy robes of light,
The dark and gloomy clouds of night ;
And ushering in, with every ray,
Another cold, cold winter day.

Once more, thy joyous face I greet,
And long to bask me in thy heat.

Thy glowing arms, this morning, throw
O'er all our frozen world below ;
Still onward, moving in thy night,
Up, up toward meridian height ;
Till not a cloud is to be seen,
In all the mighty horizon ;
Faint emblem—if compared I durst,
To him that kindled thee at first ;

In whose bright glory, all thy light
Would only be like darkest night.
Still, still, his high behest obey ;
Who placed thee there to rule the day,
Go on thy way, go on, and shine,
And I will plod along on mine,
Yea, thou shalt rise and circle on,
Long after I am dead and gone ;
And nightly set thee in the west,
When in the grave I'm laid to rest ;
If peaceful be my latter end,
Then shall my soul on high ascend ;
And in that brighter world will be ;
Wherein there is no need of thee,
Where God the Lord shall be its light,
Where all is day and never night.

December 19, 1866.



GOD SEEN AND HEARD IN EVERYTHING.

THINK on the works that God hath made,
In nature's volume open laid ;
And daily from them lessons bring,
And learn see God in every thing.
All, all the creatures lessons teach,
And of their great Creator preach ;

From lions strong, that range the wild,
Down to the little lamb so mild ;
The eagle on its pinions high,
Down to the tiny little fly ;
Yea, from the starry sky and sun,
Shine forth the glorious Three in One.
The lovely little blades of grass,
Preach mysteries to us, as we pass ;
A sparrow falling to the ground
To us with lessons rich abound ;
Yea, from our heads fall not a hair,
But teach us they all numbered are.
But, his most glorious work of all,
Is man's Redemption from the fall ;
There God, all glorious and divine,
Does in his brightest glory shine.

December 27, 1866.

BASHAN AND ITS GIANT CITIES.

The curse of the Lord, with its withering blast,
O'er Bashan's great cities in fury hath past ;
For warnings of heaven unheeded and slighted,
The vials of wrath on Bashan hath lighted ;
O'er all its wide borders, once fertile and green,
Desolation, as monarch, presides o'er the scene ;

The castles and mansions in ruins unfold,
The judgments pronounced by the prophets of old.
Deserted the cities where giants abode,
All silent the streets where giants once trod ;
No more in the halls a table is spread,
The banquet and kings together have fled ;
The music, the dance, and revelous feast,
And song of the princes forever hath ceased ;
The Lord in his anger hath swept from the earth
The giant so haughty ; 'mid scenes of his mirth.
Now out through the chambers the hyenas growl,
From its turrets is heard the scream of the owl,
The fox of the desert, and howling jackals,
Possess, unmolested, the once famous halls.
The wolf on its raids, with wild savage bark,
Prowls round the old ruins, for prey in the dark ;
The satyr is there, of fabled romance,
And skips o'er the waste, in its wilderness dance ;
The man of the desert, with bloody-stained hand,
Sweeps over the length and breadth of the land ;
On, onward, they scour, on fiery steeds fleet,
The work of destruction still more to complete ;
The wrath of the Lord on Bashan hath burst,
And left it a wonder, a hissing, accurst ;
Proud Bashan ! the fallen, and giants of might
A warning to nations God's judgments that slight.

February 1, 1867.

THE REQUEST OF A FATHER TO HIS
SONS.

I.

WILL you stand by your father, and strive to uphold
And strengthen his hand, as now he grows old ?
Will you in his troubles and sorrows take share
And help him, when stooping, his burden to bear ?

II.

Will you stand by your father, together combined ?
Resolved, that you will to your father be kind ?
Resolved, if there need be, you'd spend your last
mite
Knowing father with you would share his last bite ?

III.

Will you stand by your father, who taught you the
truth,
That led you to Christ in the days of your youth ?
Will you never despise him, but love and obey,
And honor your father, whose locks are turned
gray ?

IV.

Will you, from this forth, to the end of your race,
Seek earnestly after the God of all grace ?
Will you up to him daily your young voices raise,
In acts of devotion, of prayer, and praise ?

V.

Will you steadfastly take your stand by the cross ?
 For Christ will you overboard everything toss ?
 Will you count it all joy, despising the shame,
 To own the Redeemer and honor his name ?

VI.

Will you never desert Christ's cause in its need,
 Although to the martyr's death it may lead ?
 Will you although threatened with gibbet and rack,
 Never, never, prove traitor, or faintly turn back ?

VII.

In conclusion, will you, I would ask you again,
 Can you to your father's request say, amen ?
 Will you for direction look upwards, and pray
 That God would enable you, amen, to say ?

June 1, 1867.

ON SEEING IN A BAKER'S WINDOW, WHOSE NAME IS "BREEZE,"
 A CARD WITH THESE WORDS :

"CLOSED ON SABBATH."

I.

THE folks in Gotham, I'm afraid,
 Will think you crazy in the head,
 Cause you refuse to sell them bread,
 On Sabbath day.

Stick to your point, ne'er fash your thumb,
To their entreaties all be dumb ;
Don't sell to one of them a crumb,
Whate'er they say.

II.

May Breeze's name, with every breeze,
Spread far and wide, o'er land and seas ;
And may his bread the palates please,
 Of young and old.
And long, long, may the ticket tell,
That Breeze on Sabbath will not sell
 Bread, hot or cold.

THE MISSING "L" IN OUR NAME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE C. INSTRUCTOR.

SIR : For your own, and my name's sake,
Please rectify a small mistake ;
I notice that " my guid auld name,"
Which I correctly brought frae hame,
Is sadly mangled and effaced ;
One " L " is lost, one " E " misplaced ;
It seems so hard, my name so dear
Should lose an " L " by coming here.
The W, A, D, D, L, E,
Belongs not to our pedigree ;

The dictionary, in plain talking,
Says, waddle's one that shakes in walking ;
Surely you wish me better luck,
Than see me waddle like a duck.
Please, sir, search for the wandered “E,”
And place it where it ought to be ;
And hunt me up another “L,”
Will much oblige your friend, Waddell.

Feb. 9, 1867.

THE WICKED KING.

THROUGH life he lived a royal fool,
To every vice a royal tool ;
He mercy's royal hour let pass,
And died at last a royal ass.
And oh, alas ! the soul is lost,
Of him who royal blood could boast.
For of earth's potentates renowned,
But few, among the blest are found.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

A BEGGAR, once in tattered rags,
Traversed the streets with mealy bags ;
His bony fingers, tall and gaunt,
Bespoke his poverty and want ;

Although gray-headed, poor, and old,
He never begged for heaven's gold ;
Though hungry oft, and scanty fed,
Yet never begged for heaven's bread ;
He begged in mansions of the great,
Yet never begged at heaven's gate ;
He begged in filthy garments riven,
Yet never begged that robe from heaven ;
A wanderer without abode,
Yet never begged that home with God ;
Through life, he lived a living death,
Yet never begged for living faith.

Alas ! his begging was in whole
All for the body, not the soul ;
He died a wretch of wretches poor,
With offered mercy at his door ;
Bound in his tattered rags at last,
And into outer darkness cast ;
Alas ! alas ! fain would I hide
The scenes upon the other side,
But ah ! I hear his cries again,
Begging for water, but in vain ;
Denied one drop to cool his tongue
That is by fiery vipers stung ;
In torment lifting up his eyes,
Food for the worm that never dies.
Haste, haste, my soul, death's at the gate !
Haste, shun the wretched beggar's fate !
Fly, fly to Christ while time is given,
And beg from him a home in heaven.

ISABELLA.

I.

How glorious was her setting sun,
Calm, peaceful, and serene,
Hope, with its sunny rays, shone bright
Upon that world unseen.

II.

Oh ! how she longed to quench her thirst,
At that pure living spring ;
And longed to join the myriads there,
That to Jehovah sing.

III.

Now far away from scenes of woe,
Where saints in glory dwell,
There, there, the ransomed spirit fled,
Of the young Isabel.

MY BIRTHDAY.

AUGUST 22, 1867.

I.

TIME's never-erring hand doth fix
My age, this day, at fifty-six ;

What shall I say ?
To sovereign mercy all I owe,
For sparing me so long below,
 To see this day.

II.

Cast, oh my God, this very night,
My loathsome sins out of thy sight ;
 And still uphold,
And henceforth, order all my lot,
And oh ! my God, forget me not,
 When I am old.

III.

The years that gone I'll see no more,
Nor would I wish to live them o'er,
 A life so vain ;
But I, this very day and year,
Would dedicate myself in fear
 To thee again.

THE CLOSING HOURS OF THE YEAR.

I.

BRIEF, brief, are the hours when at ease we may
sit ;
A journey's before us, unfinished as yet ;

Death, death's on our track, and close on our rear,
His arm may arrest, ere the end of the year.

II.

Ten thousand, that saw the year's rising sun,
Long, long, ere it set, their race they had run ;
And, many a youth, strong-limbed at the goal,
Their names ere the end, had dashed from life's
roll.

III.

O'er many a home death hath his wings spread ;
And friends mourn the loss of dearest ones dead,
And wistfully look on the now vacant chair,
And weep for that one that used to sit there.

IV.

And many a Rachel, unheeded, forgot,
Weeps for her children, because they are not ;
Uncomforted, sighing, in spirit downcast
In fears of the coming, and scenes of the past.

V.

And, ah ! who can tell how many this day,
With fatal diseases lie wasting away ;
And some of them bless the year "sixty-seven,"
And note their first step on the journey to heaven.

VI.

But, ah ! there are others, I shudder to think,
Have lain, unconcerned, at death's very brink,
Smitten, afflicted, grown harder in heart,
Still clinging to life, and loath to depart.

VII.

And some, I rejoice to think, are reclaimed ;
And turned to their homes of folly, ashamed,
And fathers, that wept for a wandering one,
Embrace, once again, the prodigal son.

VIII.

And many a careless youth, at this time,
Still deeper and deeper, are sinking in crime ;
And mothers, perhaps, are cursing the morn,
In which it was said, a man child is born.

IX.

The cries of the poor, for wrongs unredressed,
The cry of the widow and orphan, oppressed,
Have entered the ears of the Lord of Sabbaoth,
And judgment delayed, no longer delayeth.

X.

The world is deluged with innocent blood,
Which ruffian hands hath shed like a flood ;

And sons, that have sucked at the breast of one
mother,
Have acted Cain's part, with Abel his brother.

XI.

The sin-burdened world groans under its load,
And, with a mute voice, appeals up to God ;
The ground is polluted with many a stain,
And longer refuses to cover its slain.

XII.

A remnant, though small, hate the murderous
deeds,
And, Abraham-like, with God intercedes,
To blot out the sins of oppression and crime,
And cease from his anger, and hasten the time—

XIII.

When the wolf and the lamb together shall feed ;
And an innocent child the lion shall lead,
And the Cockatrice eggs with its little arms clasp
And play with its hand in the hole of the asp.

XIV.

When the nations, all holy, shall walk in his ways,
For then shall no more be an infant of days ;
And old men and women shall walk on life's stage,
With staffs in their hands ; for very old age.

XV.

We stand on the verge of the old dying year,
And see, through the mist, the time drawing near ;
Young men and maidens, and aged men hoary
Hail the approaching, latter-day, glory.

December 31, 1867.

A WARNING.

I.

A boy once two pigeons bought—
 Nice little things ;
And lest the two should fly away,
 He cut their wings.

II.

That's just the way that Satan does,
 Oh ! he is sly !
He cuts our wings, lest we from him,
 To Christ should fly.

III.

And then he laughs, to see us hop,
 And hobble round ;
Unable to arise and soar
 Above the ground.

IV.

He feeds us, too, with his own hand,
With filthy food ;
He never gives, no, not a taste,
Of one thing good.

V.

And then he looks with greedy eye
Of cruel beast ;
And longs to pull our necks, that he
On us may feast.

VI.

Oh ! may that loving One from heaven,
When passing by,
Take us from Satan's filthy coop,
Before we die.

VII.

Oh ! then how we would cleave the sky,
With new wings given ;
And on the Saviour's bosom light,
Far up in heaven.

February 1, 1868.

CAST DOWN.

I.

WHY art thou, oh ! my soul, cast down ?
Wait patiently ;
Take up the cross, then comes the crown,
Another day.

II.

Why thus perplexed, if God unchanged,
Is still thine ark ?
Why are my thoughts thus disarranged,
By Satan's bark ?

III.

If God be for, what need I fear,
When he's my guide ?
In evil days, he's ever near ;
And will me hide.

IV.

What if ill-used ? 'tis hard, if true
It wounds my pride ;
Whilst faults may be, when all I view
On either side.

V.

What though the wicked should o'erthrow
 My name, as evil ?
 The Son of God was used just so,
 And called a devil.

VI.

Do I expect life's sea like glass,
 Without a swell ?
 Or think without assault to pass,
 The gates of hell ?

VII.

Why harbor thoughts, so mean, and vile,
 Unjust, untrue ;
 To think to win the world's vain smile,
 And heaven's too.

VIII.

What ! would I have my portion here,
 Of worthless gold ?
 Then, hurry to that dungeon drear,
 With Dives of old ?

IX.

Come not these trials from above,
 My faith to test ?
 And sent as tokens of his love,
 Lest here I rest ?

X.

Then why expect to 'scape from wrath,
Another road ?
And seek to shun the thorny path,
The saints have trod ?

XI.

Hush ! then my thoughts ; how dare I fret ?
Complain no more ;
The things I meet, hath others met,
That went before.

XII.

Have mercy, Lord, my days are few,
And raise me up ;
And pour the oil of joy anew,
Into my cup.

February 15, 1868.

IN THE SNOWSTORM.

I.

LOUD, loud, the wind is howling,
And whistling through the trees ;
My legs are weary, straggling
Through snow, up to my knees.

II.

Fast, fast, the flakes are falling,
Like little stars so bright ;
My garments, black this morning,
Have suddenly turned white.

III.

My hair is wet and clotted,
My eyes by drift near blind,
As up the snowflakes whirl,
Tossed by the raging wind.

IV.

I felt much like returning,
So fierce the storm did sweep ;
I thought it seemed self-murder,
To kill one's self to keep.

V.

One thought, within, kept whispering,
Return, without delay.
Another, more ambitious,
Proposed to keep my way.

VI.

The flight was soon decided,
The first was forced to yield ;
The other, though exhausted,
Was conqueror of the field.

VII.

Then onward, was the order,
In spite of drift and snow ;
Remembering the wise saying,
Beside all waters sow.

*ON A MAN THAT TALKED TO HIMSELF
IN THE STREET.*

I.

I NOTICE the stranger, that hurriedly past,
Has hit on a man to talk with at last ;
Perhaps, he may think, if under the sun,
There's one honest man, myself is that one.

II.

Although I have doubts that he has the art
To talk by the way, and commune with his heart,
I'm rather inclined to think that, instead,
He talked to a swarm of bees in his head.

III.

I thought, to be sure, it was hardly discreet,
To talk so loud, while walking the street ;
Of course, he had right to his own kind of whim,
So I claimed a right to think about him.

IV.

In appearance, he looked like one of our gents,
And, probably, talked of his dollars and cents ;
And so it might be his losses or gains,
This morning, a little had puzzled his brains.

V.

His conduct was rather mysterious and strange,
He seemed as if mustering his wrath for revenge ;
And, Haman-like, planning, at no distant day,
To hang on a gallows some poor Mordecai.

VI.

Or may be a brawling wife, who can tell ?
Has turned all his peace on earth to a hell ;
And, so to escape from contention and strife,
Perhaps, may be planning to take his own life.

VII.

'Tis true, I may be mistaken, I own :
He may, after all, be a merchant down town ;
Who finding his place of business too small,
May talk of enlarging his store in the fall.

VIII.

Then say to his soul settle down on thy lease,
Eat, drink, and be merry, awhile take thine ease ;
When, lo ! from the midst of all he desired,
It may be, that night his soul is required.

IX.

Yet, still in this land, where the gospel is preached,
A word of conviction his ear may have reached ;
But like one of old, may foolishly reason,
To banish the thought, at least, for a season.

X.

But the things of the soul, momentous, and vast,
Will crowd themselves in, on the moments at last ;
Salvation neglected, too late to repair,
Hope vanished forever, the end is despair.

XI.

But charity, with its broad spreading wings,
Bids me to cherish, and hope better things ;
That through all this talk and boisterous oration,
Things there may be, that accompany salvation.

XII.

Oh ! happy that man, by God's spirit led !
To talk with his heart, in silence, on bed ;
Who meditates daily, can everywhere pray,
While he sits in the house, or walks by the way.

XIII.

The heart, overflowing, on heaven's things set,
Will find, through the mouth in words, an outlet;
So ready to tell it to all he may meet,
And talk to himself, while walking the street.

THE SHEPHERD'S BRIDE.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY TURNER.

I.

MARY was loved by a Shepherd,
'Tis said he was also a king ;
Great was his kindness to Mary,
She wanted not any good thing.

II.

He walked with her by the still waters,
He led her through pastures so green ;
He made her lie rest here, when weary,
And on his own bosom to lean.

III.

His presence restored her in weakness,
And filled her whole soul with delight ;
He constantly watched o'er his Mary,
And led her in paths that are right.

IV.

He bade her not fear the dark valley,
His arm would protect her from ill ;
His presence death's gloom would enlighten,
And be her sure comforter still.

V.

He furnished her table with plenty,
And that, too, in presence of foes ;
Her head with fresh oil he anointed,
Her cup with good things overflows.

VI.

Oft Mary would sing of his mercy,
At length came the joyful day ;
That morning he took her forever,
To dwell in his house far away.

THE DYING ARTIST.

ON WILLIAM RUSSELL, WHO DIED OF CONSUMPTION.

I.

IN my mind his image lingers,
Tracing, with his feeble hands,
Penciling, with his wasted fingers,
Scenery of another land.

II.

There he sits intently gazing,
Scrutinizing every line ;
From death's portals, how amazing !
Rose a stately mansion fine.

III.

Though exhausted, still he dotted
Trees and bushes, here and there ;
And o'er all, on light wings floated
Little songsters of the air.

IV.

But that land, far, far excelling,
With its gorgeous mansions new ;
Scenes, beyond frail mortal's telling,
Soon would burst before his view.

V.

Soon to drink those living fountains,
Streams and rivers, that make glad ;
Soon to walk those holy mountains,
By the glorious Saviour led.

VI

Week by week, I watched him changing,
Health had fled his youthful brow ;
Fast the foe was all arranging.
Death's cold hand was on him now.

VII.

The shattered bark the land is nearing,
Smoothly gliding on its way ;
Straight for that fair harbor steering,
Anchoring in the peaceful bay.

VIII.

All his dismal nights and dreary,
All his pains and troubles o'er;
In that land, where none say weary,
There we hope he's evermore.

A TALK WITH THE SPARROWS.

IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

I.

PERHAPS you think it hardly right
In passing daily, morn and night,
 Right through your square ;
And saw you strangers, far from home,
Yet never asked where you are from,
 Nor said you're there.

II.

That's so : I might have, ere this time,
Just noticed you in prose or rhyme,
 One would suppose.
But be it true, yet howsoever,
'Tis always better late than never,
 The proverb shows.

III.

One thing I notice in a minute,
There's nothing in you of the linnet,
 Nor yet bullfinch ;
But regular sparrows, thoroughbred,
The very twitter, feet, and head,
 And every inch.

IV.

In passing, I observed, meanwhile,
You live here in the best of style,
 Seems plain to me :
One thing is worthy being noted,
Your nice clean houses thickly dotted,
 On every tree.

V.

And what is more, the thing is rare,
That sparrows live on such rich fare,
 As Yankee grubs ;
And then again, just only think,
A fountain pure whereat to drink ;
 Instead of dubs.

VI.

Another thing, I heard, is true,
In winter, when the grubs are few,
 'Twas so decided,

And sanctioned by our worthy Mayor,
That food for sparrows, in the Square,
Should be provided.

VII.

Of course you've troubles, that we know ;
All sparrows have one cruel foe,
With nimble paws.
But then, our vigilant police
Will pussy force to keep the peace,
And sparrow laws.

VIII.

The times are changed, I tell you what ;
You now look healthy sleek and fat,
And clean and nice ;
'Tis plain, there is a wide contrast,
'Twixt your old hovels of the past,
'Mongst rats and mice.

IX.

And then, just think ! obliged to steal
As best you could, your every meal
From farmer's corn ;
And oftentimes, too, your little nests
Have been assailed by wicked pests ;
And robbed, and torn.

X.

Keep mind you were brought o'er the seas,
To kill the grubs that spoil the trees ;
 Not for your beauty ;
Especially, watch those living donnets,
That drop upon the ladies' bonnets,
 That's your first duty.

XI.

Should birds of fairer wing entice
You off to more congenial skies,
 With speeches fair ;
On no account heed what they say,
But mind your work, don't seek to stray,
 From Union Square.

XII.

For some, that more than sparrows know,
As soon's they land, to ruin go ;
 They act a part,
Would make the fowls of heavens blush,
And wild beasts from their presence rush,
 And sparrows start.

XIII.

Before their hair is scarcely dry,
They jump, like spiders at a fly,
 At every evil ;

They meet sin in a newer style,
And patronize it with a smile,
 To please the devil.

XIV.

The fashionable oath, with speed,
Is interwoven in their creed ;
 Those human tigers.
Dare, with their impious lips blaspheme
Our Lord and Saviour's holy name ;
 And curse the niggers.

XV.

It looks, as if from o'er the sea,
They came to take their last degree,
 This land of baits,
Ten thousand find, how sad to tell,
A sure and shorter way to hell,
 Right through the states.

XVI.

That very God that made us all,
And notices the sparrow's fall,
 Has turned their foe ;
Like birds that wander from their nest,
For them there's neither peace nor rest,
 Where e'er they go.

XVII.

I've only, as it were by chance,
Been led to take a hasty glance
 At men in crime.
Perhaps, it may be yet our lot,
To meet and talk o'er things forgot,
 Some other time.

LOST.

I.

It's but a little word, 'tis true,
 And just as little heeded ;
A little word—and, ah ! by few,
 Alas ! how little dreaded.

II.

Its little letters, four in all,
 When altogether joined,
Bring down a message from the Fall,
 To every human mind.

III.

That moment Eve bowed her assent
 To the accursed sin ;
That very moment, through the rent
 The little word came in.

IV.

Down through all changes year by year,
A witness it hath stood ;
Still dropping on the palsied ear,
For evil, or for good.

V.

The faithful pastor uses it,
And bids his flock, beware,
The devil, he abuses it,
To drive us to despair.

VI.

The blinded Universalist,
Its very name abhors ;
And so to rid him of the pest,
Has kicked it out of doors.

VII.

Another class of worse repute,
That lives without a soul,
Has chosen as its substitute,
Annihilation whole.

VIII.

Yea, every sinner out of Christ,
At death, in spite their boast,
Can never, never, break that tryst
That they have set with “lost !”

IX.

When once the world, and all its charms,
And pleasures, are no more ;
It waits on them with open arms,
Upon that other shore.

X.

Ah ! then aroused with giant's might,
With hideous voice to yell ;
The sound on every ear shall light,
Through all the vaults of hell.

XI.

What human eyes can ever reach,
What finite mind can span,
That awful wrath, still on the stretch,
To lost and ruined man ?

XII.

Haste ! haste ! escape without delay,
Make sure that Christ is thine ;
That awful word has naught to say
Across that boundary line.

A FANCIED PLEASURE, WHILE SAILING UP THE HUDSON.

I.

I THOUGHT, oh ! was it but my lot,
To own yonder nice little spot,
 Among the trees ;
That little house, one story high,
Hid almost from the passers-by,
 Would nicely please.

II.

How nimbly I would leap on shore,
And ne'er return to Gotham more ;
 Oh ! no ; I'd never.
But there on the sweet "Hudson Heights,"
I'd spend the happy days and nights,
 Near by the river.

III.

How nice 'twould be, at leisure hours,
To dig and cultivate the flowers,
 And plant and sow—
A great variety of seeds;
And water them, and pull the weeds,
 And watch them grow.

IV.

And then, I'd buy a cow, of course,
And likely I might keep a horse,
 And a nice dog ;
And probably, I'd have a few
Of the best kind of chickens too,
 But not a hog.

V.

I had some thoughts of keeping geese,
But then they'd so disturb the peace,
 And quack and shout ;
Another thought came in my head,
To have canaries in their stead,
 And leave them out.

VI.

And then, right on the nice green square,
I'd have a good strong rustic chair,
 And sit and read ;
And there enjoy the evening breeze,
So nicely shaded by the trees,
 Right o'er my head.

VII.

And then again, of course, why not ?
I'd buy myself a little boat,
 And when at leisure,

Such joy I'd have in catching fish,
So fresh, oh ! the delicious dish !

Oh ! what a pleasure !

VIII.

And then on Sabbath, well, what next !
At last my wan'dring thoughts were fixed,
 Just then and there ;
A church, o'er all the lovely scene,
For miles around, could not be seen ;
 Not anywhere.

IX.

A cloud eclipsed the brightest beam,
That shone through all my fancied dream,
 The castle gay,
That I had reared, so bright and fair,
Completely vanished into air,
 And fled away.

X.

The U. P. church, to me so dear,
Dropped like a charm upon my ear
 With fresh delights ;
And bore me on its wings of love,
To brighter scenes, far, far above
 The Hudson Heights.

OUR PASTOR.

ACROSTIC.

JOINED to a weak decaying frame,
A mind aspiring in its aim ;
Majestic in its upward flight,
Expanding, drinking in new light ;
Soaring away through scenes of old,
Hid treasures of the purest gold ;
Ascending up the mighty steep,
Reading knowledge to the heap ;
Pressing toward the mountain top,
Eager the highest branch to crop ;
Reaching, with honor, that degree
Reverend, well-deserved, D. D.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

AN ADDRESS TO THE CHILDREN.

I.

OH ! who so base, as dare to crush
The burst of childish joy ;
That from the inward fountain rush
Of every girl and boy ?

II.

Oh ! mar it not, 'tis heaven's gift,
No jewel half so bright ;
Oh ! who an angry voice would lift,
To rob them of their rights ?

III.

The world, in all its gayest dress,
Would be a desert bare ;
A bleak and howling wilderness,
If children were not there.

IV.

I would not cloud one single ray,
In all their childish dreams ;
But only guide it, lest it stray
To dangerous extremes.

V.

So let them shout and chatter too,
Their little words hath charms ;
How oft, their simple sayings true
Hath bound a giant's arms ?

VI.

I love to hear their romping noise,
So harmless, loud, and wild ;
I love the little boys and girls,
For I was once a child.

VII.

Not long ago, it seems to me
As 'twere but yesterday ;
Since I knelt by my mother's knee,
Where first I learned to pray.

VIII.

She taught me, as your mothers do,
To lisp a Saviour's name ;
I learned "The Lord my Shepherd" too,
This day, its words the same.

IX.

But now, youth's sunny days are fled,
Ah ! never to return !
That once kind mother now is dead ;
And I but wait my turn.

X.

And you, my little friends, so dear,
At no far distant day,
Will be the men and women here,
When I have passed away.

XI.

Some one of you, perhaps, may fill
The Superintendent's chair ;
And some that seat more honored still—
The pulpit up the stair.

XII.

Some boy here, far o'er the sea,
May bear the Words of Life ;
And some sweet girl here may be
His faithful loving wife.

XIII.

Oh ! early seek the Saviour kind,
Apply with all your might,
Seek him with your whole heart and mind,
The Saviour's yoke is light.

XIV.

O children count it gain, not loss,
The Saviour's cause to own ;
All those that bear the Saviour's cross,
Shall wear the Saviour's crown.



**REQUEST TO OUR PASTOR ON LEAVING
US.**

I.

REMEMBER us, when far away ;
Lest grievous wolves come in,
To rend and make of us a prey,
By winking at our sin.

II.

Spread forth your hands, pray God to send
A trusty one and bold ;
That will not down to error bend,
Nor let the truth be sold.

III.

One that will break the bread of life,
And of it large partake ;
One born to be a man of strife,
Only for Jesus' sake.

IV.

The aged ones among the flock
Still in your memory bear ;
Around them throw the massive cloak
Of sympathizing prayer.

V.

Those now upon life's battlefield,
In all their strength and might ;
Pray God to be their constant shield,
And ever guide them right.

VI.

Remember those, just passing through
Youth's most momentous stage ;
Young men and women, who now view
The coming middle age.

VII.

The little infants, only yet
Just nibbling at the truth ;
Pray, that they in the gospel net
Be caught in days of youth.

VIII.

Still mind the few, that, side by side,
With you for many years,
Hath strove to stem sin's rising tide ;
With many prayers and tears.

IX.

Oh, take us wholly in your love,
Whole in one grand embrace ;
And bear your little flock above,
Before the throne of grace.

X.

And we will pray, that Friend most sure,
To bless you where you go ;
That from your teachings, waters pure,
And living streams, may flow.

THE UNSATISFIED GAP.

I.

ALL the wealth of the Indies, though poured in
my lap,
In my soul there would be an unsatisfied gap ;
Though mine were the treasures in every sea,
With it all, my soul would unsatisfied be.

II.

Though possessed of the wisdom of all of our race,
Within there would be the same vacant place ;
Though my name was engraved on the temple of
fame,
The all-craving desire would still be the same.

III.

Though, as monarch, I reigned on every shore,
The unceasing cry would be, “ Give me more ! ”
Although for ten thousand of years I should live,
Like the horse-leech’s daughter it [still would cry
—“ Give ! ”

IV.

How foolish ! the thought ’tis vain to suppose,
That the soul on such pillows in peace could re-
pose ;
Could the soul, by its very nature and birth,
Be ever content with the garbage of earth ?

V.

It would pass even angels, in glory that shine,
And search till it found that Angel divine ;
In the Saviour alone, its centre and core,
Content it would rest, and murmur no more.

VI.

Like the hart after water, so would the soul
thirst
After Him who gave it its being at first ;
There, in the sunbeams of love it would bask,
Content with no less, no more it would ask.

VII.

Cease, then, my soul, to seek rest where there's
none ;
When it only is found in the Saviour alone.
The Lord is thy portion, he only, in whole,
Can fill the unsatisfied gap in the soul.

FUNNY SINS.

I.

FROM little things, none need be told,
Come lessons for both young and old ;
How oft from little words, we know,
Have come an angry word and blow.

II.

How oft have little tongues, so glib,
Let slip a little funny fib ;
A fib, although a little shy,
Is nothing but a funny lie.

III.

All lies are sin, though told in fun,
'Twas sin that crucified God's Son ;
In Pilate's judgment hall, one day,
Two liars swore Christ's life away.

IV.

How often, too, to make things great,
Both young and old exaggerate ;
A little story, though 'tis old,
A boy once to his mother told :

V.

Oh, mother ! mother ! now for spats !
Outside, there's sure one hundred cats.
But mother home the lie so bore,
Down came the number score by score.

VI.

Still, for the truth she on him pressed,
Until the boy at length confessed,
And, lastly, owned up to his mother,
There's only our one and another.

VII.

Words hast'ly spoken, in slap dash,
Are only funny sinful trash ;
Our sayings all we should confine
Within the truth's strong boundary line.

VIII.

And ofttimes parents may deceive,
And make their little ones believe
That the old dotard, Santa Claus,
Brings hammers, trumpets, drums, and saws.

IX.

And so comes down the chimney creeping,
When all the little ones are sleeping,
And through the night, unseen, keeps poking
His presents in some sleeve or stocking.

X.

Or in some pocket thrusts some stamps,
And quietly off again he tramps
Right up the chimney, as before,
Or through the window or the door.

XI.

Then in the morning just suppose
How nimble feet run to their clothes ;
Through pockets, sleeves, their fingers run,
While parents join the sinful fun.

XII.

And those who ought to be their guides
Are laughing like to split their sides ;
And, heedless, fostering an untruth
In their own offspring, in their youth.

XIII.

Old Santa's very name abhor,
Don't fear to kick him from your door ;
Take truth, and hit him on the head,
And don't you leave him till he's dead.

XIV.

'Gainst funny sins, with all your might
Let every boy and girl make fight ;
Oh ! let not sin in any way
Intrude to mar your childish play.

XV.

As little foxes spoil the vine,
And on the tender grapes would dine,
So little funny sins, how true,
Would do the same to me and you.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

I.

THERE remaineth a rest for the people of God,
That the vulture's eye never hath seen ;
A place where the wild beasts never hath trod ,
And the strong eagle never hath been.

II.

'Tis a joyful land, a land of delight,
The centre where pleasures all meet ;
A land never wrapt in the darkness of night,
Where no sun is to smite with its heat.

III.

'Tis a glorious city, its streets are of gold,
'Twas founded in love long ago ;
Its glory surpasseth, far more than tenfold,
All other great cities below.

IV.

But far, far excelling all glorious things there,
On a great white throne sitteth One ;
Unto whom shall we liken, or even compare,
The glorious Redeemer, God's Son ?

V.

On him every eye shall rest with delight,
The anthems of praise never cease ;
Crying, holy, O Lord, all glorious in might,
Our joy, our rest, and our peace !

VI.

'Tis only a glimpse we see of that rest ;
Soon, soon, it will burst in full view.
Press onward, thou weary one, long, long op-
pressed,
There is rest in that city for you.

THE ILL-MATCHED PAIR.

I.

IN all the world dwells not a pair,
So ill, ill-matched, as oaths and prayers ;
No worse can be.
How could it ever be supposed,
One to the other so opposed
Could e'er agree.

II.

As soon would devils, down in hell,
In peace with holy angels dwell,

Or Baal with God,
As for that pair from brawls to cease,
Or ever, ever live in peace,
In one abode.

III.

For that same mouth to pray and moan,
Then turn and curse the very Throne,
Is, in a word,
To pray, oh God ! and then, oh devil !
To pray for good, and then for evil.
Oh ! how absurd !

IV.

A man that acts that sinful part,
He stabs religion to the heart,
And stabs himself.
To such a one a fool would say,
Your oaths or prayer-book put away,
Right on the shelf.

V.

Oh ! tell the tidings not in Gath,
That any christian ever hath
So far forgot,
As his profession so to shame,
And stamp upon the Christian name
So foul a blot.

VI.

Oh honor, fear, and serve the Lord,
And shun and hate that sin abhorred,
 And shame the devil ;
Let all your words be yea and nay,
And keep your tongue in every way
 From speaking evil.

MUST I DIE ?

GREENWOOD CEMETERY, JULY 4, 1869.

I.

AND must I grapple, at no distant day,
With death, that terrible, stern, reality ?
 I fear I must.

The terrible truth, these monumental stones
Point the thoughts downward to decaying bones,
 Crumbling to dust.

II.

But must I die ? Thou shalt ; death is thy lot,
My heart grows sick, I shudder at the thought.
 But is it I ?

A voice from every blade of grass that waves
O'er these ten thousand, twice ten thousand graves,
 Says I must die.

III.

Yes, thou must die. Hark ! that appeal from
 yonder bell,
 Tolling with a slow, sad, and doleful knell,—
 The passing bier ;
 A most convincing truth, that thou art mortal,
 And that thou, too, at death's dark gloomy portal
 Must soon appear.

IV.

Death's in thy veins, thy mortal part decaying ;
 A proof 'gainst which there can be no gainsaying ;
 Death's in thy breath.
 Thou'rt breathing out thy short allotted span :
 There's no escape, thou only art, oh, man !
 A living death.

V.

Then must I die, and must I one day fall,
 And be devoured by filthy worms that crawl ?
 Nay, do not start !
 Thou must say to the worm, "Thou art my
 mother,"
 And to the filthy toad, "Thou art my brother."
 For dust thou art.

VI.

If I must die, why, then, I'd like to ask,
 Why not make dying, then, my daily task ?

I don't know why.

I feel and wish that I, like some, could say,
Oh welcome ! welcome ! to that coming day,
When I must die.

VII.

Why art thou sad, why fear death's ugly face,
Since Christ can make the grave, that dismal place,
A bed to thee ?

Take the whole word of God to be thy prop,
And, verily, thou at thy last mayest hope,
All well will be.



MY AUNTY BELLE, WHO DIED IN THE YEAR 1869.

[TO HER DAUGHTER JANET.]

I.

As long's I live, I'll surely mind
My Aunty Belle ;
My Aunty was so very kind,
I mind so well.

II.

I mind my Aunty, yes, I do ;
I see her still :
Before my mind she comes in view,
When round Hag Mill.

III.

My Aunty then was at her best,
And I, a boy,
Clad with a jacket, pants, and vest
Of corduroy.

IV.

I saw my Aunt not long ago,
In her old age ;
Stepping away from all below,
In life's last stage.

V.

Now, tidings have come o'er the sea
That Aunty's dead ;
And so the same of you and me
Will soon be said.

VI.

I've lost my Aunt, she is my last,
I have no other ;
And in my Aunt, from time has past
Your dearest mother.

VII.

Hope in the promise, dinna grieve,
My Aunt was old ;
For Christ has ta'en her we believe,
Home to the fold.

VIII.

I cannot tell who will be next.
One thing is true—
The very day and hour is fixed
For me and you.

IX.

From heaven comes a loud appeal,
Death's moving steady ;
Oh ! may he never on us steal,
And we not ready.

SAMSON.

I.

CALLED to make sport, oh ! what fiendish delight !
How dangerous to sport with the blind Nazarite,
Set up to be mocked, of his seven locks shorn,
A butt for the arrows of laughter and scorn.

II.

But brief was their mirth, for the poor prison drudge
Was about to appear as Israel's strong judge ;
For ah ! they knew not that their weak shaven foe
Was mustering his strength to strike the last blow.

III.

A cry up ascends, to the God of all might,
And the Spirit descends on the fallen Danite ;
And the hand that once powerfully grasped the
jawbone,
And heaps upon heaps of his foes had o'erthrown.

IV.

With a grasp of revenge, the strong pillars he
clenched,
And the temple of Dagon in pieces is wrenched ;
And crash upon crash, with shrieks of despair,
Ascend from his awe-stricken foes through the air.

V.

They cry to their idol, for help, but 'tis vain ;
The echo, in mockery, returns it again :
And Dagon's admirers, in thousands led thither,
In a sacrificed heap lay, slaughtered together.

VI.

There, too, Israel's judge, victorious through faith,
Like his great antitype, triumphant at death ;
Let me die :—then he bowed ; his foes are down-
hurled,
It is finished :—Christ bowed, and conquered the
world.

THE FLY THAT LIGHTED ON MY BIBLE.**I.**

At you I feel a little vexed,
To see you thus keep threading
Along the line, and o'er the text
This morning, that I'm reading.

II.

'Tis well you made not an attack
Upon my face or nose ;
Or else the insult I'd paid back,
With speedy, well-aimed blows.

III.

But seeing that you mean no harm,
And that you've come alone,
And not like once, when in a swarm
You plagued the Egyptian throne;

IV.

Then since it's so, that you and I
Have happened thus to meet,
Just rest awhile, poor little fly,
And fix your wings and feet.

V.

But why unsettled and perplexed,
From word to word you reach ?
Just as if choosing out a text,
Whereon you wish to preach.

VI.

If so, begin without delay,
Be brief, for I'm in haste ;
Choose out a text in every way
Best suited to your taste.

VII.

With buzzing voice it thus began :
“ He that made you and me,
Hath excellent lessons taught to man ;
Oft from a little bee.

VIII.

“ He sends the sluggard to the ant,
And who would dare deny,
But he may, too, in time of want,
Employ a little fly.

IX.

“ But to my text : I've visits paid,
High up and o'er this town,
The few remarks, now to be made,
Are on the words, ‘ Light down.’

X.

“These words are true, must be confessed,
 Most flies can witness bear ;
 Yea to this truth, I can attest,
 By soaring in the air.

XI.

“There I met flies of other breed,
 My size that far surpassed ;
 It seemed, as if they were indeed
 Of a superior caste.

XII.

“With them I joined the giddy dance,
 And spent the summer day ;
 And in the sunbeam’s joyous glance
 I fluttered time away.

XIII.

“But, to be brief, my aerial jaunt,
 That first seemed bright and fair,
 In it I found one pressing want,
 No food for flies were there.

XIV.

“Swift on my little wings I flew,
 And first I lighted up ;
 Where from the ceiling, I could view
 The sugar-bowl and cup.

XV.

“Next, lighting on a chair near by,
Then on the lady’s gown ;
Next in the sugar-bowl was I,
That I call—‘Lighting down.’

XVI.

“Yea, I have lighted down, ‘tis true,
Oft at the risk of life ;
I’ve been by children pelted too,
Or some fierce, angry wife.

XVII.

“Though driven off with many a wound,
And fluttering off in pain,
Still, to the sugar-bowl I found
My way right back again.

XVIII.

“Go, do then, as you’ve seen me do,
Though foes should laugh and frown;
Upon this faithful word and true
Be sure that you ‘light down.’

XIX.

“Strive to light down with all your might,
Though men and devils howl ;
Fight for this sweetest treasure, fight,
Fight for your sugar-bowl.”

THE DOUBLE BEREAVEMENT.

I.

ONLY eight days between the mother and daughter,
In crossing the Jordan's dark flowing water ;
But only eight days, and the daughter and mother
On the other side met again with each other.

II.

As weepers stood watching a loved one's last
breathing,
Death at their backs his sword was unsheathing ;
And the stanch cruel foe, unrelenting, undread-
ing,
Another wound opened, beside the one bleeding.

III.

Weeping on weeping, and trouble on trouble,
Grief upon grief, when afflictions come double ;
Drinking one cup, while another is filling,
Of the double-strong wine of bereavement's dis-
tilling.

IV.

Vanity of vanity, death, that stern teacher,
Hath vanity stamped on life's every feature ;
At first they entered a vain world crying,
And departed again, amidst weeping, when dying.

V.

As o'er them friends bend, and mournfully linger,
Hope that bright morning star points with its fin-
ger ;
That on that strong arm, through life that them
guided,
With trust in his mercy, they died undivided.

VI.

Oh, come let us bow before God, unchanging,
Our God is allwise, 'tis all his arranging ;
His ways are all equal, then who would dare gain-
say,
That this sad affliction is not mixed with mercy ?

VII.

Swift, swift, the same course we are after them
steering,
The Jordan's deep waters, fast, fast, we are near-
ing ;
Through life's every lane, death follows us steady,
Oh ! heed heaven's warning, watch, watch, and be
ready !

THE SLANDERER.

I.

How execrable, the base, detested villain !
That wounds his neighbor's name unto his killing;
A reptile, vilest of the vile, moreover,
No viler crawls the whole creation over.

II.

An envious wretch, mischievous, ill-designing,
Hatching in hell, his brother undermining.
And underneath the cloak of friendship, hiding
The knife to stab the friend in him confiding.

III.

A murderer, he his brother who but hateth,
Double his crime, that on his brother waiteth ;
But more than twice deserveth he the rack,
That cuts his brother's throat behind his back.

THE PSALMS.

I.

I LOVE the psalms, the reason why—
They are the words of God on high ;
That's the grand reason.

Therefore, to take or add one jot,
For the insult God will it note
Down, as high treason.

II.

How durst a worm of Adam's race
Insult the Almighty to his face ?
And dare to say
These words, in heaven settled fast,
Ordained through ages all to last,
Suit not our day ?

III.

Bold must he be that dares impeach
That wisdom, far above his reach ;
Refrain ! refrain !
Blasphemous thought ! back from it start,
The offspring of a loathsome heart
And muddled brain.

IV.

Yea, daring must they be indeed,
That at the Psalms dare shake their head,
And laugh and gibe.
Beware ! for, verily 'tis true,
The Lamb's in them and Lion too,
Of Judah's tribe.

V.

They to God's word that hate to hark,
Like dogs turn round and at it bark,
 And growl and fight.
And belch forth with their tongues of sin,
And snarl at the truth, and grin,
 And snap, and bite.

VI.

Ye insolent sinners ! hardened grown,
Would thrust the Almighty from his throne,
 That they may mount.
And summon the sovereign Judge of all,
Down at their footstool low to fall,
 And give account.

VII.

Next, they'd have God his curse rescind,
And cast his justice to the wind ;
 Then, by degrees,
They'd have the unchanging God to change,
And alter, and anew arrange
 All his decrees.

VIII.

Flocks of such fowls, through all the season,
Come cackling from Paine's "Age of Reason."
 Their feet attest

That they've on Tommy's dunghill scratched,
And from old Tommy's eggs been hatched,
 In Tommy's nest.

IX.

The curse, pronounced in Adam's day,
Comes down unchanged in every way,
 Stamped with God's name ;
As then, so now, in gospel times,
The curse for unbelief and crimes
 Is just the same.

X.

They, at the cursing Psalms that hiss,
Can they expect the curse to miss ?
 They but set tryst
To meet that stern anathema,
That hangs o'er all that haters be
 Of Jesus Christ.

XI.

Oh ! surely 'tis an act of grace
To have the curse set in our face,
 The good and evil ;
So that we may not rush blindfold,
Down, down, to miseries untold,
 Beside the devil.

XII.

Oh ! at the curse no longer gape,
Haste for your life ! escape, escape !
 To Jesus flee.
For sinners, he a curse was made,
And justice to the fullest paid,
 To set us free.

XIII.

Then, by his grace, I'll still walk on,
And sing the Psalms, and them alone ;
 And to them cling.
Of justice satisfied, that guide,
That ope'd the doors of mercy wide,
 I'll ever sing.

THE DEATH OF MRS. DUNLOP.

I.

No more she sits by Babel's streams,
 The willow trees among ;
Nor dwells she any more in tents,
 To Kedar that belong.

II.

But far beyond the spoiler's reach,
Where harpers play and sing ;
Amongst the trees of Paradise,
She sits with Christ her King.

III.

Far, far within the vale, where first
She cast her anchor, hope,
There, there, in peace for evermore,
Dwells our friend, Ann Dunlop.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

I.

WHY do I hug that cankering care,
I meet when disappointed ?
Or thrust my limbs into a snare,
To have them all disjointed ?

II.

Why thus keep probing at my sore,
And spreading it by inches ?
Till by the foot I'm covered o'er
With bruises, bites, and pinches ?

III.

I'm not alone ; on others too
Hath disappointment darted ;
And wise-laid schemes, right through and
through,
Hath broken clean and thwarted.

IV.

Our mother Eve, in her mad chase,
Straight from the devil's college,
Met disappointment face to face,
And lost all her best knowledge.

V.

Both rich and poor, it matters not,
If sprung from Eve, our mother,
Stern disappointment, on their lot,
Will come one way or other.

VI.

Then why complain ? since come it must ;
'Tis all of God's arranging.
Would I arraign the holy, just,
And allwise God, unchanging ?

VII.

Be still: my soul, keep mind, thy place
Is in the dust, and humble ;
Don't discontented twist thy face ;
No cause hast thou to grumble.

VIII.

For oft hath disappointment been
A means to us of missing
A greater evil, still unseen,
And turned out our best blessing.

IX.

Then let us kiss the rod, and Son,
That hath the rod appointed :
Trust him, on record is not one
That e'er was disappointed.

THE LIFE-GIVING LEAF.

A LEAF OF LUKE'S GOSPEL PICKED UP ON THE STREET.

I.

OH ! how came this life-giving leaf to be thrown
Along with the leaves, by autumn winds blown ?
Oh ! why hath the words of Almighty God
Been cast on the street, under feet to be trod ?

II.

Perhaps it might be some sin-wedded tool
Hath cast it right out, as he would from the
school ;
Resolved, in his house no room to afford
For little Zaccheus, nor yet for his Lord.

III.

For many there are in the city, New York,
That our bibles would pitch in the fire with a
fork ;
Then, like very fiends, would dance round the
blaze,
And expect heaven's smile, approbation and praise.

IV.

But here, too, are some whose forefathers bled,
Would dare for the truth their dearest blood shed;
And wrench from the grasp of armed bands to the
teeth,
The life-giving words on this little leaf.

V.

But why expect less from this would-be-wise age,
That refuses the teaching of prophet or sage ?
That set up their wisdom above his that made,
And casts the Almighty far, far in the shade.

VI.

But this generation, for wisdom admired,
For much to it given, shall much be required ;
Had only one half in Sodom been known,
Would it have preserved from being o'erthrown.

VII.

But these very words, traversing the streets,
Shall rise on that day, when the judgment shall
meet ;
And little Zaccheus, that climbed up the tree,
Shall sit with the Judge, to condemn or set free.

VIII.

Yea witness they shall, on that day, without fail,
And tell against some a wonderful tale ;
That ne'er made an effort the Saviour to see,
In a far better way than climbing a tree.

IX.

This unvalued leaf would been valued far more,
Had it only been cast on Afric's bleak shore ;
The Ethiopian's heart a word might have reached,
And for mercy his hands to God be outstretched.

X.

Or if, too, on India's hot burning coast
 This life-giving leaf had only been tossed ;
 Like the barley-cake in the Midianite war,
 It might have upset old Juggernaut's car.

XI.

And might have abolished the barbarous laws,
 And young infants saved from the crocodile's jaws,
 And loosed the poor Brahmin, in fetters tied fast,
 And broken in pieces his devil-bound caste.

XII.

Then scatter thy word, O God, far and wide,
 Thy end to accomplish, nor turn to thee void,
 Till Zaccheus' Lord, o'er land and o'er sea,
 To the end of the earth exalted shall be.



ON A DECEASED FRIEND.

ACROSTIC.

JUST in his dealings, and upright,
 Oft vexed and tried, yet dared do right ;
 Humble ; of unassuming mind,
 None more obliging, none more kind ;

Keen to discern ; possessed that knowledge
Experience taught him in her college ;
Nor lacked he wisdom at death's tryst,—
None to him, then, so sweet as Christ ;
Evinced clearly, and most plain,
Dying to him was greatest gain ;
Yielding his life up to God's Son,
On March the third, “ Seventy one.”

ON THE DEATH OF REV. JAMES THOMPSON.

I.

ON the brink of his grave, and death by his side,
All harnessed, awaiting the nod
Of heaven's great Lord, to set open wide
The gate, for a servant of God.

II.

His moments were brief, the goal was in sight,
His message momentous and vast ;
To finish his work he strove with his might,
And died in the harness at last.

III.

Although far away in that happier land
Where justified spirits all dwell
Still his memory lives, and his dying command,
And the night he bid us farewell.

THE LAMENT.

ON THE DEATH OF ISAAC MCGAY, ESQ.

I.

OH, God, our Saviour, wise beyond compare,
Thou hast one taken, that we ill could spare—
Isaac McGay ;
To spare his life, our hands to thee were spread,
And many earnest hearts in prayer plead
That he might stay.

II.

Lord, thou hast done it, why, I do not know,
Nor why thou answered'st our prayer so ;
Nor yet the reason
Thou from our session taken hast the best,
This to a finite mind, must be confessed,
Seemed out of season.

III.

Oh ! be not angry, hear me, I beseech,
Amongst us thou hast made a fearful breach,
 Ill to repair ;
For ah ! that humble, gentle one, and good,
That in thy temple, as a pillar, stood,
 Is no more there.

IV.

Yea his loved wife thou hast a widow made,
And on his children, fatherless, hath laid
 Bereavement's cross ;
And thou to weeping, for that absent one,
Hast called a mother, daughter, and her son,
 To mourn their loss.

V.

Yea, more, thou hast the wound made deep and
 wide,
It spreadeth far away on every side,
 For many a mile ;
On India's coast, his loss will yet be felt,
And in that land, where once the Pharaohs
 dwelt,
 Upon the Nile.

VI.

Where'er the U. P. banner has been borne,
There many a friend for him will weep and mourn ;
 And well they may ;

For Lord, thou knowest, thy cause he had at
heart,
And to his last he acted well his part,
In every way.

VII.

Lord, hast thou one to fill his place that's gone ?
As for myself, this day I know of none,
In all this place ;
For ah ! hard, hard will be the task to find
Another Isaac with a heart as kind,
And smiling face.

VIII.

But thou art Sovereign over all I own ;
Thou hast but reaped what thine own hand hath
sown.
Oh my soul, cease !
Although he's gone, that to thy soul was knit,
'Tis God hath done it, thine is to submit,
And hold thy peace.

IX.

Forgive me, Lord, for well thou knowest my aim
Is to give honor to thy holy name ;
And now I pray
That, when I die, take me to dwell with thee,
That I may ever, ever with thee be
And I. McGay.

THE GOTHAM MONKEYS.

I.

A GOTHAM company, long, long famed
For raising excellent donkeys,
Would say to friends, they have on hand
Some excellent, well-trained monkeys.

II.

The company's ready to supply,
At very moderate rates,
All churches and establishments,
Through the United States.

III.

I saw myself, one Sabbath night,
Four that had broke their chains,
And off had scampered to the church,
And swaggered round with canes.

IV.

They chattered round, as monkeys do,
And every now and then
They twirled up their canes, all round,
Just as you've seen some men.

V.

The monkey-lovers there, of course,
Could handle them like fun ;
And shook their little paws, just as
A father would his son.

VI.

In went the folks, and at their heels
In went the monkeys too ;
And by their apish instinct soon
Each jumped into a pew.

VII.

They tried to sit, as others sat—
Of course they were baboons ;
They tried, just in their apish way,
To mimic our old tunes.

VIII.

When others rose, the monkeys rose ;
Of course, they did not pray ;
Their canes, I noticed not, I think
They had them hid away.

IX.

The benediction came at last ;
The pastor said, amen ;
Then off they went at doublequick,
Each flourishing his cane.

X.

Oh ! if all monkey owners would
Their monkeys take in charge,
Nor suffer them, on Sabbath night,
With canes to run at large,

XI.

Perhaps, 'twould be the better way,
Some night, just after dark,
To take them to the Arsenal,
Right up in Central Park.

July 14, 1872.

THE TWO FRIENDS

(MRS. PETRIE AND MRS. HARPER)

WHO DIED IN THE SAME WEEK.

I.

TOGETHER, resigned, they lay by death's gate,
Patiently, both on their coming Lord wait ;
True to his promise, the Lord Jesus Christ
Appeared to their joy, the day he set tryst.

II.

Spring's glorious sun rose smiling in May,
Sweet the birds sang, all nature looked gay ;

When, lo ! the king's daughters, all glorious within,
Their song everlasting in glory begin.

III.

From earth, to the church triumphant above,
He's weeding away the friends that I love ;
Though grieved, should I not be silent and dumb,
When God takes my friends from the evil to come ?

IV.

To his disposal, I must say, amen ;
But, oh ! how could I from weeping refrain ?
Though grieved, should I not be silent and dumb,
When God takes my friends from the evil to come ?

V.

Through many long years, how oft, is unknown ;
Together we came to church, and have gone,
And heard the glad news, to a troubled soul
tossed ;
How Jesus Christ came to save sinners lost.

VI.

And oft have we sat at the Lord's Table, spread,
And drank the same cup and ate the same bread ;
And when from the table about to retire,
Have sung the old Psalm, our souls all on fire.

VII.

And then, all within was stirred to a flame,
To praise our Redeemer's thrice holy name ;
Who had, in his love, our wants all supplied,
And with all good things our mouths satisfied.

VIII.

Then, oh ! with what joy together we'd sing,
The Lord's my Shepherd, my Saviour and King ;
Who leads me through life, the quiet waters by,
And makes me down in green pastures to lie.

IX.

But life's like a dream, or a little short tale—
We step into life to step in death's vale ;
Cradle and grave stand near to each other;
'Tis only a step from one to the other.

X.

Nearly all my old friends are now with the dead ;
And a young generation come in their stead ;
And ah ! I am left like a leaf in the fall,
Or a wind-shaken reed, awaiting the call.

XI.

Then, oh ! my God, prepare me, I pray,
Prepare me to follow my friends gone away ;
Prepare me for stepping over death's stile,
To be where my friends are dividing the spoil.

May 1872.

A MOTHER'S REQUEST.

TO MRS. HARLEY.

I.

A MOTHER said to me last night,
“ Will you, please sir, some verses write
 On my sweet baby ? ”
I did not say that I would not,
Nor did I say that I could not ;
I just said—may be.

II.

Well to describe the babe I saw,
So handsome made, without a flaw,
 And very pretty ;
I question very much if whether
You could find just such another
 In all the city.

III.

They mean to name her “ bonny Annie,”
After her most worthy granny,
 That loves the Saviour ;
I hope and pray this little sprout
Will be like granny, out and out,
 In her behavior.

IV.

And may she, like her granny, see
Her children's children by her knee,
 To call her blest ;
And plenty of good meal and barley,
And good warm clothes may Annie Harley
 Have in her kist.

July 1872.



THANKS FOR RENEWED STRENGTH.

I.

Oh ! thou my Sovereign, Lord and King,
 The first cause and the last ;
Forgive my sins, and from thy sight
 Them in the deep sea cast.

II.

My back, by rheumatism bound,
 From pain thou hast set free ;
Oh, may thy tender mercy, Lord,
 Remembered ever be !

III.

For strength restored, fill thou my mouth
 With thankful notes of praise

To thee, oh ! God allwise, and good,
And just, in all thy ways.

IV.

Impress deep on my soul, I pray,
That this is not my rest;
Make trials all a means to wean
Me from the world's breast.

Aug. 5, 1872.

LINES TO MISS MAJOR.

I.

ONE moment we met, the next bid farewell ;
To meet again, where ?—no mortal can tell ;
Perhaps not on earth; oh ! then I would say,
Pray my young friend, that in heaven we may.

II.

Forget not the friends you're leaving behind,
Although out of sight, still bear them in mind ;
Their failings and faults, wherever you go,
The mantle of charity over them throw.

III.

Forget, my dear friend, things should be forgot.
And try to remember things that should not ;
Forget as you may, such things are not odd,
But, oh ! my young friend, forget not your God.

IV.

Wherever thou art, remember God's there,
A sense of his presence still with thee bear ;
Remember, no creature is hid from his sight,
His eye is upon us both day and night.

V.

The end, my dear friend, for which you were made,
That you have forgot, ne'er let it be said ;
The glory of God, make that your chief aim,
And ne'er be ashamed to acknowledge his name.

VI.

Forget not, that life's uncertain and brief,
And filled, to overflowing, with trouble and grief ;
The infant, the youth, and the hoar-headed sage
Are swept by thousands away from life's stage.

VII.

Choose, my young friend, the company of those
That love the truth in its old-fashioned clothes ;
Seek the old paths, that old-fashioned road,
That saints in all ages, and prophets have trod.

VIII.

And, oh ! my young friend (God grant that you may),

Your soul in the scales of the sanctuary weigh ;
Remember, that gem, from heaven by birth,
Will ne'er be content with the garbage of earth.

IX.

Love not the world, but ever prove true
Both to your soul, and your Saviour too ;
So on Miss Major all good will attend,
And peace shall be thine at thy latter end.

Oct. 1872.

THE DAY OF DAYS.

DURING THE PREVALENCE OF THE EPIZOOTIC AMONG THE HORSES.

I.

SOME things are worthy of remark,
And other things are not ;
Some on the world leave their stamp,
Whilst others are forgot.

II.

November third, the day of days,
For so it seemed to me ;
As long's I live, that day, I think,
Shall still remembered be.

III.

The day was wet ; went twice to church,
And twice returned again ;
Yet, in my journeying to and from,
I heard no oath profane.

IV.

Yea more than this, and stranger still,
More wonderful, in fact—
In sixth and seventh avenue,
No car was on a track.

V.

No jarring noise assailed our ears,
Like Sabbaths of the past ;
It seemd as if millennium day
Had burst on us at last.

VI.

All things around seemed strange and odd,
To me at last, I own ;
It looked as if the world had been
Last night turned upside down.

VII.

Amen, I said ; of course I thought
The new side was the best ;
For nought around the church all day
Disturbed the Sabbath rest.

VIII.

Why thus ? Ah ! God has smote the host,
With a disease and sore ;
And all around the city lay
Dead horses by the score.

IX.

Thus the great Sovereign, Lord of all,
His royal right maintains,
And blasts the Sabbath-breaker's hopes,
And blows upon his gains.

X.

And yet blind man can trace the plague
No higher than the air ;
Nor stops to think, and wonders not,
What way the plague came there.

XI.

But, Achan-like, with all his might
Pursues the golden wedge ;
And dares, spite warnings all, to leap
O'er every Sabbath hedge.

XII.

Yea, though his horse, like Baalam's ass,
Aloud should speak the truth,
Old Baalam-like, he in a rage
Would smite him on the mouth.

XIII.

Yea, obdurate man, grown hard in sin,
To all his vices wed,
Would kick a spectre, that arose
To warn him from the dead.

XIV.

Oh ! Lord, our God, in mercy spare
The prisoner's release ;
That crime, in all its various forms,
May in our world cease.

XV.

Oh ! hasten on that glorious time,
Oh ! hasten it, I pray ;
When all the kindreds of the earth
Shall keep the Sabbath day.

Sabbath Nov. 3, 1872.

MARY MAGDALENE.

I.

EARLY, early in the morning,
Hied the weeping Magdalene ;
Ere the glorious sun had scattered
Clouds and darkness from the scene.

II.

By the way, she mused and wondered
Who would roll away the stone ;
In the earthquake, lo ! an angel
Rolled it back and sat thereon.

III.

As she ventured, fearing, trembling,
Lo ! within, a glorious sight !
Holy angels, strong and mighty,
Filled the sepulchre with light.

IV.

But, 'twas not the glorious angels
That the weeping Mary sought ;
No : but, 'twas her glorious Master,
Glorious far above all thought.

V.

Near the sepulchre she lingered,
Weeping, sighing, all alone ;
Lo ! approached a seeming stranger,
Hidden in the great Unknown.

VI.

Thus he gently her accosted,
Woman, say, why weepest thou ?
Whom, so early, art thou seeking,
Why sits sorrow on thy brow ?

VII.

Briefly, through her tears she answered,
In that sepulchre once lay
One I love above all others,
Now they've taken him away.

VIII.

Tell me, sir, if thou'rt the gardener ?
Tell me, hast thou borne him hence ?
Tell me, where, sir, if thou knowest ?
And at once I'll bear him thence.

IX.

On his answer she awaited,
More intense her feelings rose ;
Lo ! at last the seeming stranger
Laid aside the gardener's clothes.

X.

“ Mary ! ”—Oh ! that voice, familiar,
 Reached the weeping Mary’s soul ;
 “ Master !—oh ! my Lord and master.”
 Mary now had reached the goal.

XI.

Mary’s soul had found its center,
 All her grief and sorrow fled ;
 Mary clasped her living Master,
 Newly risen from the dead.

XII.

Seek, oh ! seek a hiding Saviour,
 Seek him ; lo ! he seeks for thee ;
 Wait with patience, till the gardener
 Changed into the Saviour be.

XIII.

Christ by thousands is considered
 But a gardener to this day ;
 And to tens of thousands hidden
 As a Saviour ; hid for aye.

December 11, 1873.

THE CROOK IN THE LOT.**I.**

THE crook in man's lot hath baffled his wits,
Either to straighten or break it in bits,
Either to sell it or cast it away,
Either to dodge by night or by day.

II.

Although he had tried, and tried it in vain,
Still he keeps trying and trying again ;
He lays all his plans, as wise as a sage,
And hammers away, from youth to old age.

III.

He throws on his anvil, and marks it, and thinks
He can, at least, straighten some of its links ;
He aims and he hits a tremendous blow,
Firmly believing that something must go.

IV.

Then eases his hat up a little in front,
And closes his eye to have a right squint ;
He lifts it, he looks, he turns it right o'er,
But there lay his crook unchanged as before.

V.

Upon it, no mark of his blow he could trace,
But found that his hammer was cracked in the
face ;
That something had gone, but not what he
thought,
For there lay unchanged his crook in the lot.

VI.

Longer unable his rage to restrain,
He musters his wrath to strike it again ;
He struck it, he died with mouth open wide,
And there lay unchanged his crook by his side.

VII.

How foolish to bite and kick, like an ass,
At what God ordains, and bringeth to pass ;
All, all that befalls must ever agree
With God's unerring, unchanging decree.

VIII.

Oh ! come let us then examine our crook,
In the light of that best and holiest book ;
Ten thousands have tried that plan, and confessed
The most crooked part in their lot was the best.

Jan. 15, 1874.

TO THE FEMALE BIBLE CLASS.

I.

Good new year, and every blessing
On you, through the year attend ;
From our class may none be missing,
All down through it to the end.

II.

My young friends, our God in mercy
Through last year, spared me and you :
For some purpose, none would gainsay,
God hath work for all to do.

III.

God hath given each a talent,
In a napkin not to tie ;
If for truth our lips are silent,
God will reckon by and by.

IV.

What's our duty needs no guessing,
Thousands perish at our side ;
Simple truth without man's dressing,
Spread it o'er the world so wide.

V.

My dear friends, I tell you, weeping,
Thousands of our race, this day,
Like a torrent, fast are sweeping
Down destruction's fatal way.

VI.

Hark ! the wail ! the Hindoo mother
Weeping in that land afar ;
For a sister, father, brother,
Trampled 'neath the idol car.

VII.

Lo ! to you from every nation,
Hands are stretched o'er every sea ;
Send, oh send to us salvation,
Send the truth to make us free.

VIII.

Oh ! what glorious news and cheering,
Oh ! what victories are won ;
For the nation's God is clearing
Up away to kiss his Son.

IX.

Erring feet that used to stumble
See light rising in the dark ;
Down the heathen idols tumble,
Dagon falls before the ark.

X.

Oh ! then rally round his standard,
None with Christ can suffer loss ;
Help to gather in the wanderer,
Take your stand before the cross.

XI.

Lastly, strive to make your calling
And yur own election sure ;
Then when rocks are rent and falling,
You with Christ shall reign secure.

XII.

In conclusion, let me whisper
One quiet word in every ear—
Strive to find a wandering sister,
Then persuade her to come here.

Jan. 19, 1873.



WHERE ARE OUR FATHERS?

DIALOGUE.

I.

WHERE are our fathers ? want you to know why ?
The reason, I after our forefathers pry,
Our fathers are gone, and who knows their track ?
For none of our fathers have ever come back.

II.

Where are our fathers ? why ask what all know?
Generations must come, and others must go.
Beyond all dispute our fathers are dead,
And this generation has come in their stead.

III.

Where are our fathers ? to know I'm resolved,
The question I asked, as yet is unsolved ;
Of course they all died, no one would gainsay ;
But where are they now, oh ! tell me, I pray ?

IV.

The answer is easy ; almost every dunce
This simple question could answer at once ;
For every one knows our fathers all be
In graves on the land, or else in the sea.

V.

Where are our fathers ! their souls ; where are they ?
For nought here remains, but their bodies of clay ;
On the land, in the sea, all sleep, I'm aware ;
But where are their spirits, can you tell me, where ?

VI.

In the world of spirits, all meet at that goal,
All enter their names on eternity's roll ;
All on that ocean, unbounded and vast,
Together the lot of our fathers are cast.

VII.

Perhaps it may be, your patience I task,
But hear with me, whilst still further I ask,
If our forefathers in one place all be ?
Tell me, if they altogether agree ?

VIII.

'Tis true in one sense, the whole of our race,
The moment of death, all go to one place ;
And so in another, 'tis certainly true,
A great gulf divides the place right in two.

IX.

Again, I would ask, I mean on which side
Of that great gulf, do our fathers reside ?
Or live they on both, or one side alone,
Or has each one a place of his own ?

X.

In two places here, our fathers all sleep,
Either on land, or else in the deep ;
So, too, in the other, in heaven or hell,
In one or the other, our fathers all dwell.

XI.

I feel on the rack, it must be confess'd
My mind is uneasy, nor can I take rest :
If they, our fathers, are fixed in their lot,
Tell me, I say, are they happy or not ?

XII.

In one, nought is heard but shrieks of despair,
No happiness comes to our forefathers there ;
In darkness, forever, dejected, forlorn,
Lamenting the day they ever were born.

XIII.

The streets of the other are gold, the most bright,
And everything there the soul to delight ;
The Lord Jesus Christ our fathers shall lead,
By fountains of water, with crowns on their head.

XIV.

Thanks, thanks, dearest friends, my question is
solved ;
That place of despair to shun I'm resolved ;
Come then, be my guide, I'm weak, thou art
strong ;
Come, lend me thine hand and help me along,

XV.

Is this thy resolve ? so shall it be mine ;
See here is my hand ! come, take it in thine ;
Together we'll strive, if faithful we be,
Together in heaven our fathers we'll see.

PRESUMPTION'S PINNACLE.

I.

THE Lord, all wise, shall bring in a libel
Against all those that add to the Bible ;
And pay, to the full, the price of their sin,
With all the plagues that are written therein.

II.

To add to the words of the Holiest One,
Is king of all sins done under the sun ;
A sin unequaled, a monster by birth,
It stands all alone, unrivaled on earth.

III.

A sin that would make the devils to blush,
And into their dens in perdition to rush ;
And yell out the truth in darkness and chains,
The word of the Lord forever remains.

IV.

'Twould make all the beasts of the forest to weep,
And all the monsters that traverse the deep ;
Yea, all creation, and all things therein
Would start at the heaven, God-daring sin.

V.

And no less bold, and daring the act,
That durst from his holiest word to subtract ;
Oh ! how can they ever have peace in their soul,
That cast out the songs of the Spirit in whole ?

VI.

Presumption of all presumptions, unknown,
To take and then add some trash of their own ;
They harlot-like eat, then sin would rescind,
By wiping their mouth, saying, I have not sinned.

VII.

Oh ! how shall they meet that terrible rebuke,
Who taketh away a word from this book ?
Oh ! how will they stand bewildered, amazed,
And hear their part from life's book is erased !

VIII.

Yea, on account of their crimson-dyed sin,
Deprived of all blessings promised therein,
Unless they repent ; oh ! dreadful result !
With wrath the Almighty will pay the insult.

IX.

Shrink, oh ! my soul, from a sin so abhorred
Oh, be content with the word of the Lord !
From that word holy, take thou not away,
Add not to that which endureth for aye.

December 1, 1873.

TO A BEREAVED SISTER.

(TO MAGGIE BARCLAY.)

ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER, WHO DIED OCTOBER
10, 1869.

I.

WEEP not with despairing sorrow,
God hath wiped your brother's eyes ;
Comfort from his deathbed borrow,
Mingle hope with all your sighs.

II.

If in Christ your brother's sleeping,
Woman, why then, weeppest thou ?
Learn, like Mary, in thy weeping,
At the Saviour's feet to bow.

III.

Oh ! remember, God hath taken
 Home thy brother, whom he lent ;
 Though bereaved, thou'rt not forsaken ;
 With his doings be content.

IV.

God hath spared thee yet a mother,
 And a tender father dear ;
 Likewise he hath left one brother,
 And five loving sisters here.

V.

Oh ! how gentle in his dealings,
 Hath the Saviour been to thee ;
 Entering into all thy feelings,
 And from trouble set you free.

VI.

Haste ! he calls thee to be ready,
 Thou must keep thy tryst with death ;
 Keep thy garments clean and tidy,
 Keep that once delivered faith.

VII.

Onward, onward, agonizing,
 Until washed from every stain ;
 Then thou'l meet, at that grand rising,
 With thy brother James again.

BILLY TWEED,
THE NOTED NEW YORK SWINDLER AND THIEF.

I.

I'VE no religion, none at all,
Said statesman, Billy Tweed ;
Yet Billy fully had indorsed
Part of the devil's creed.

II.

True, Billy lacked the devil's faith,
For Billy trembled none ;
A troubled conscience was to Bill
Teetotally unknown.

III.

Fast Billy rose, till side by side
He with the devil stood ;
Soon Billy, devil-like, professed
That evil was his good.

IV.

Hard Billy wrought ; the devil smiled
And laughed, with hellish pleasure ;
And chuckled, when he Billy made
A keeper of his treasure.

V.

Deep Billy dug, yea down to hell,
 Yet, though in hell intrenched,
 The strong arm of the law, at last,
 Round Billy's neck was clenched.

VI.

They dragged forth Billy to the light,
 Out of his hiding-place ;
 And oh ! how hard the devil tried
 To wash his dirty face.

VII.

But Billy's face was so engrained,
 The devil's hands grew sore;
 All efforts to make Billy clean
 At last were given o'er.

VIII.

What they could do about it sure,
 They've taught Old Bill at last ;
 And sent him up to meditate
 Twelve years upon the past.

IX.

But who can tell but Billy may
 Be led to change his creed ?
 And Christ, in loving kindness, may
 Convert old Billy Tweed.

December 15, 1873.

ANNIE ARMSTRONG,
WHO DIED FEBRUARY 17, 1874.

I.

A GLANCE at Annie's life alone
Points out the place where Annie's gone ;
True, Annie had her doubts, no doubt,
But all at death were driven out.

II.

That unforgiving foulest blot
To Annie's character clave not ;
Against her neighbor, in her mind,
She never harbored thoughts unkind.

III.

Nor did she with a frown the poor
Drive off unpitied from the door ;
Oft with her modest hand she fed
The hungry with a piece of bread.

IV

Yea, Annie, in her warm embrace,
Clasped in her love the human race ;
It mattered not to her what creed,
She helped all in their time of need.

V.

From what of Annie's life is known,
 'Tis easy guessed where Annie's gone ;
 Oh ! who could wish a better test
 That Annie's soul is now at rest.

Feb. 24, 1874.



EPISTLE TO N. C. THOMPSON, ESQ.,
 OF ROCKFORD, ILL.

I.

BEAR with me, for I'm apt, of course,
 To put the cart before the horse ;
 And make a stammer ;
 If things right upside down should go,
 A charitable mantle throw
 O'er my bad grammar.

II.

No text had I, but something said ;
 See here's a text already made,
 Go, pay your debt ;
 And hinted too don't be a dunce,
 But set yourself to pay at once,
 What must be met.

III.

And in my ear it whispered too,
That I am debtor, sir, to you,
 More ways than one ;
Just then it came afresh to mind,
That you had been a friend, and kind
 To a loved son.

IV.

You gave true friendship's truest test
To that young wanderer to the west,
 And took him in ;
And taught him how they reap and mow,
How plowers plow, and sowers sow,
 And said, begin.

V.

How pleased was I to hear him tell
He liked his situation well,
 And felt at home ;
And hinted too, that in the town,
He'd maybe double settle down,
 No more to roam.

VI.

My debt I own, yet would I say,
I fear that debt I ne'er can pay,
 Up to the letter ;

Same time would banish from my thought,
That you will take right by the throat
Your humble debtor.

VII.

To tell the truth, if you agree,
I feel inclined to deeper be
Still in your debt;
And to the old unsettled score
Keep adding still a little more,
If you will let.

VIII.

Then if allowed, I would request
That you would with your counsel best,
In time and place
For sake of him. I much respect,
Please warn him, if he should neglect
The means of grace.

IX.

This rhyming ware of mine, I own,
Requires, I fear, some boiling down,
"Tis thin and light;
Instead of milk, who knows, I say,
But it may wholly turn to whey,
Just clean outright.

X.

May plenty joy and troubles few
Fall to the lot of yours and you ;
And be increased ;
In peace together may you dwell,
Is, sir, the wish of D. Waddell,
In the far east.

New York, March 11, 1874.

LINES TO MRS. BUCHANAN,

ROCKFORD, ILL.

I.

'TWOULD seem that we are not unlike
John Anderson and wife,
For both of us are toddling now
Right down the hill of life.

II.

And maybe, too, like me you feel
Old age is creeping on ;
And soon the things that know us now,
Will be to us unknown.

III.

Well may we say, like one of old,
Our days are short and few ;

And what is matter for lament,
They have been evil too.

IV.

This world is but a weeping place,
A wilderness at best ;
'Tis totally polluted too,
Unfit for peace or rest.

V.

We, too, have had our weeping times,
By night, when sleep hath fled ;
Then tears have trickled down for both
The living and the dead.

VI.

And maybe too, like me, you've seen
The world's smile and frown ;
One day been raised a little up,
And then again cast down.

VII.

No doubt you've had your trials too,
Both from within and out ;
When trouble's waves and billows all
Have compassed you about.

VIII.

And maybe when the tempest raged,
 You have been led to think
That sure your frail and shattered bark
 Beneath the waves would sink.

IX.

When to your joy, you have found,
 When heart and spirit fail,
A mighty hand was at the helm,
 Safe guiding through the gale.

X.

And maybe you've been led to see,
 When looking o'er the past,
That God, through all, was bringing to
 A wealthy place at last.

XI.

Then, Jeannie, though our life's been mixed
 With trouble and with pain,
'Tis comfort, that we'll never need
 To live it o'er again.

XII.

Then what ? though age has crippled us,
 And made our movements slow,
'Tis comfort that we only have
 A little way to go.

XIII.

May He who guided us through life,
 Be guardian to us still ;
And bring us both in safety to
 The bottom of the hill.

XIV.

Then at our death may naught to mar
 Our peace come in between ;
And over all our horizon,
 May not a cloud be seen.

March 24, 1874.

A MINISTER BESIDE HIMSELF.

I.

OH ! surely he's beside himself,
 Much learning's made him mad ;
One Sabbath day he took a sledge
 To drive a little brad.

II.

He swung it all around his head,
 Just like one in a fit ;
And struck a most tremendous blow
 At a poor little “ *It.*”

III.

And then, he whirled right around,
Almost as quick as thought ;
And dealt another heavy blow
At a poor harmless "*Nought.*"

IV.

And then, stared all round the church,
Then came to a dead pause ;
Expecting he had struck a chord,
To bring shouts of applause.

V.

But all their thoughts were snarled so,
And quite put out of joint :
Where he had merited applause,
They could not see the point.

VI.

For all was quiet, save one that snored,
For he had dropped asleep ;
Few of the others felt disposed
Either to laugh or weep.

VII.

But that's not all, for some old folks
Were perfectly perplexed ;
And puzzled too, because it seemed
They could not find his text.

VIII.

In an “Epistle” had it been,
 The folks would understood ;
 But, ha ! 'twas in a “*Letter*,” wrote
 By the Apostle Jude.

IX.

Oh ! what a prodigy was he,
 Quite “*Letter*” learned from college ;
 Filled to the throat, quite chock a block,
 With all such silly knowledge.

X.

Then at his text, with goggle eyes,
 He glanced at the outside ;
 Then bawled aloud some silly things,
 And then he let it slide.

XI.

The people asked for bread and fish ;
 He bread and fish had none ;
 He serpents gave instead of fish,
 Instead of bread, a stone.

XII.

Is’t wonder that the people thought
 That kind of fish was tough ?
 Is’t any wonder for their teeth
 Such bread was hard and rough ?

XIII.

And yet, however strange it seems,
Some thought him quite a star ;
Well qualified to set on fire
Old Juggernaut's great car.

XIV.

Oh ! surely in a time, when truth
Is for a trifle sold,
A faithful, godly minister
Is worth his weight in gold.

XV.

All honor to that messenger,
Sent by the King of kings ;
How beautiful his feet that brings
Us tidings of good things !

May 15, 1874.

EPISTLE TO THE McGREGORS,

ROCKFORD, ILL.

I.

YOUR deeds to me are not unknown,
In kindnesses to Alick shown,
And brother Dave ;
The favor, shown to them and me,
I hope shall not forgotten be,
Till in my grave.

II.

I have no wish to eulogize,
Or to exalt above the skies ;
I lack that art.
I only wish just to express,
To all my friends, my thankfulness,
With all my heart.

III.

To love a gift above the giver,
So mean a thought I hope shall never
Cleave to my skirts ;
I mean just simply to convey
My thanks, just in a rhyming way,
For Aleck's shirts.

IV.

They seem to fit him like a charm,
They look just so genteel and warm ;
And then beside,
Whoever cut them in the west,
Has cut them out, must be confessed,
So nice and wide.

V.

Unlike the scrimped trash you buy,
That twists your body all awry,
To get them on ;

And ten to one, ere long, believe
Your elbow may be through a sleeve,
 And buttons gone.

VI.

A shirt may none of you ere lack,
Well buttoned up in front or back,
 Well made and stout ;
And good warm plaids to make you braw,
And screen you from the sleet and snaw ;
 When you go out.

VII.

May he that notices all done
Beneath the circle of the sun ;
 In his own way,
Send the McGregors, from his store,
Good measure, pressed and running o'er,
 Another day.

VIII.

But to keep adding to enough,
I fear my rhyming may get tough,
 And nothing better ;
Things little worth, in my belief,
Are better thought of when they're brief,
 That's what's the matter.

IX.

So, on that footing, I propose
 To bring my rhyming to a close ;
 My friends, farewell !
 Some passing moment you might seize,
 And write a little note ; 'twould please
 Your friend Waddell.

March, 1874.

TRUTH FALLEN ON THE STREET.

I.

LIFT the truth, oh ! it has fallen !
 Trampled 'neath unhallowed feet ;
 Lift the truth, our God is calling,
 Lift it, lift it, off the street.

II.

Lift the truth, 'tis the foundation
 Of Jehovah's august throne ;
 Yea, it bounds all, all creation,
 Far away o'er worlds unknown.

III.

Lift the truth, for 'tis the apple
 Of our great Creator's eye ;
 With its adversaries grapple,
 Fight, defend it, till you die.

IV.

Love the truth, that precious treasure,
Life lies in its warm embrace ;
Meditate on it with pleasure,
Raise, exalt it, to its place.

V.

Keep the truth in heaven garnished,
Keep the truth from being shorn ;
Keep the truth, unmixed, untarnished,
For the nations yet unborn.

VI.

Speak the truth, although the rabble
Laugh aloud, and mock, and jeer ;
Truth will silence all their babble,
Speak the truth and never fear.

VII.

Spread the truth the world over,
Far away o'er sea and land ;
Where the wild bloodthirsty rover
Reigns and rules with ruthless hand.

VIII.

Do the truth, although the martyr's
Fearful, cruel death be thine ;
Then the truth will be thy charter,
To that land where martyrs shine.

IX.

Lift the truth, it must be lifted,
 Else 'twill rise another way ;
 And without a shift to shift it,
 Meet thee on another day.

X.

Oh ! how terrible, scathing, sifting,
 Will its words be, by and by ;
 Truth thou thoughtst not worth the lifting
 Off the street, but let it lie.

November 27, 1874.



THE TWO DREAMS.

I.

IF wafted in dream far away in the night,
 To regions of bliss, where God is the light,
 And fancied I walk the streets all of gold,
 And mingled with saints and prophets of old,
 And fancied I met with kindred long dead,
 Arrayed all in white, with crowns on their heads,
 And joined in the song with hosts that adored,
 And cast their crowns at the feet of their Lord ;
 All crying : “ Worthy the Lamb that was slain ! ”
 And fancied I shouted with them, amen.
 And saw in life’s book, my name ’mongst the loved,
 And on the Redeemer’s hands deep engraved ;

But yet, from this dream there's no guaranty,
That ever my soul in heaven would be ;
Or, if drawn in dream, away underneath
To regions, where all is gnashing of teeth ;
Where all is wrapped in the horrors of night,
Where hope forever hath taken its flight,
And fancied that I was cast in a lake,
Of brimstone and fire, and chained to a stake,
And felt the undying worm at my breast,
In torment deprived of all peace and rest,
And fancied hideous forms would draw near,
And then, with a shriek from sight disappear ;
And legions of fiends, all yelling accost,
And shriek in my ear the terrible word *lost* ;
And yet, from this terrible dream of despair,
Is no proof whatever, I would be there.
Although in no way I wish to ignore
The visions and dreams of our fathers of yore ;
For God was pleased to reveal, in that day,
His message and will to his prophets that way ;
But now to our doors with its beautiful wings,
The gospel has come with far better things ;
“Believe and be saved” hath come in dreams stead ;
To which, God commands, all men to give heed,
So now, let us learn this lesson, that seems
To lie in these two most opposite dreams ;
The time is at hand, when both me and you
Shall find one dream, or the other is true.

February, 1875.

EPISTLE TO DR. MOORE,

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.

I.

MY very kind and dear friend Moore,
I heard you had been sick and sore,
 And very low ;
I'm glad that from a bed of pain,
Our God hath raised you up again,
 And let you go.

II.

I hope you found that needed grace,
When brought, as 'twere right face to face,
 To look on death ;
And could then to a Saviour cling,
And cry out, death—where is thy sting ?
 By living faith.

III.

That allwise God, for ever true,
That searches us all through and through,
 Right to the core ;
Ofttimes, for them he loves, fills up
A portion, yea, a bitter cup,
 To make them roar.

IV.

When God would save a soul from hell,
He always makes his blows to tell,
 And hit the spot ;
To kill perhaps a rampant lust,
Or bring again up from the dust,
 Sins long forgot.

V.

God, with his patients deals that way,
As you, with yours, deal every day;
 He knows our frame,
And probes a wound to save the soul ;
And you to make the body whole,
 Do just the same.

VI.

Perhaps 'tis true, both you and I
Need on affliction's bed to lie,
 Yea at death's brink ;
To bring us to the right about,
To know ourselves right out and out,
 And make us think.

VII.

No trouble springs up from the dust,
But from above confess we must,
 Direct from God ;

And sent ofttimes to bring us low,
To humble us and make us bow,
 And kiss the rod.

VIII.

If that old saying often said,
“The back is for the burden made,”
 If it is true,
To quietly bear for us is best,
The end is near, and at it rest,
 For me and you.

IX.

Long, long, may you be spared, to go
O'er rugged rocks and banks of snow,
 Through heat and cold ;
May God on mercy's errand guide
Your feet to many a sick bedside,
 Until you're old.

X.

And in conclusion, dear friend, Moore,
When all life's scenes are nearly o'er,
 At that last tryst,
In that hard struggle at death's goal,
May you find comfort to your soul,
 In Jesus Christ.

LINES TO MARY CRAIG.

No parents now thy youthful feet to guide,
An orphan cast upon a world wide ;
To meet alike with both its smiles and frowns,
And share its everchanging ups and downs ;
My dear young friend, make up your mind, to
meet

In life with both its bitter things and sweet ;
For every cup hath in it, all confess,
A mixture both of sweet and bitterness ;
Sin in our world hath set all things ajar,
And man with the Creator is at war;
All mankind in their lost and ruined state,
Hate the Creator, and each other hate.

Trust not in man, for oh ! how true indeed,
Man at the best, is but a broken reed ;
But thanks to God, for his Son, Jesus Christ,
Who rescued man when in that dreadful tryst,
God's image lost, by sin's polluting stain,
That image Christ in man restores again ;
And slays the enmity, and makes him fit
With princes great at his right hand to sit.
Remember thou'rt upon life's battle-ground,
And with the dead and dying all around,
Act well thy part, beneath Christ's banner fight ;
Defend the truth with all thy strength and might ;
And then the God of truth will be your God,
And guide thee in that way the saints have trod,

And be thy guardian both by night and day,
And in the hour of death will be thy stay.
With my best wishes, in this little rhyme,
May God be with thee in all coming time,
And thine, dear Mary, may he ever be,
Throughout the ages of eternity.

EPISTLE TO MARY MOORE,

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.

AMONGST my dearest friends, I class
The friend that sent this looking-glass ;
So in this rhyming way therefore,
Would thank the giver, Mary Moore ;
I prize this little gift from you,
So pretty and so useful, too ;
For oh ! so nicely I can trace
Each lineament upon my face ;
I, at a glance can see each spot,
And whether it is clean or not ;
There's not a speck from ear to ear,
But what this little glass shows clear ;
Then with the soap you sent, I mean
To wash my face and keep it clean ;
And in a chaste way and discreet,
To fix my hair and keep it neat ;

And better far our health will be,
If we use soap and water free.
This little glass hath in it, too,
A lesson both for me and you ;
Of course we know, without a doubt,
It only shows the spots without ;
But, ah, it cannot show within
The awful filthy spots of sin.
My dear young friend, 'tis true indeed,
Another looking-glass we need ;
That looking-glass, the Bible, can
Show very clear our inner man :
And oh, how apt to make us stare,
To see what sin is doing there.
From head to foot, there's not a spot
Free from sin's most polluting blot ;
Yea, too, our very thoughts unclean,
All in this looking-glass are seen.
But here my rhyming dare not stop,
Nor must I let the curtain drop,
Nor in oblivion hide from view,
That which concerns both me and you.
There is one way ; cheer up, my child,
To wash the soul by sin defiled ;
The blood of Christ applied within,
Can wash away all filthy sin ;
And all the crimson stains make white,
And polish us like jewels bright ;
Oh ! then my dear young friend, I pray,
Look in this looking-glass each day ;

Life in it lies, lay up in store—
Its words, my dear friend Mary Moore.
Our friends most cordially with me join,
And send their love to thee and thine ;
If time permit, I'd like so well
That you would write your friend, Waddell.

LINES TO MY NEPHEW,
DAVID BAILLIE.

I.

MY little nephew and namesake,
Though little now you be,
Just in a little time, if spared,
You'll be as big as me.

II.

I was, once, a little boy
A little thing like you ;
But just as you are growing now,
I big and stronger grew.

III.

I've sent to you a little book,
The Book of books indeed ;
That as you grow to be a man,
So you may grow and read.

IV.

And still keep reading, reading on,
And reading it with care ;
And still keep praying on to God
To teach you what is there.

V.

Begin as soon you're able, Dave,
And read it through and through ;
It tells you all about yourself,
And God ; for it is true.

VI.

And oh ! it tells of wondrous things,
And how the world was made,
And what some mighty men hath done,
And what some others said.

VII.

It tells us, too, of one that dwelt
In Bethlehem long ago,
Who mighty princes slew, and did
Great kingdoms overthrow.

VIII.

I'll tell you what he did one day,
Believe me it's a truth ;
He slew a lion and a bear,
When he was but a youth.

IX.

And after that he slew a man,
 Far bigger than your Pa ;
 A bigger man, than ever you
 Or uncle ever saw.

X.

He hit him with a stone so hard
 Just right in the forehead ;
 Then in a moment, in the grass,
 The giant tumbled dead.

XI.

Then step by step he higher rose,
 Till he became a king ;
 Could play the harp, and make the Psalms,
 For you and me to sing.

XII.

Learn to sing the Psalms, and learn
 The first as fast's you can ;
 For God hath promised blessings great,
 To every boy or man—

XIII.

That walks not in the wicked's path,
 Nor stands in sinner's way,
 Nor with bad boys upon the street,
 Is ever seen to play.

XIV.

May all the blessings in this Psalm
Be thine ; your uncle prays ;
So shall you be a happy boy,
And happy man always.

XV.

And when you pray for Pa and Ma,
One thing of you I crave,
That you will try and keep in mind,
To pray for uncle Dave.

XVI.

Just tell me, when you write again,
What is that great king's name ;
And if his name, and yours and mine
Are not the very same ?

January 1, 1875.

THE HIGHLANDS,

OF NEW JERSEY.

I SPENT near by the Highland lights,
Two happy, happy days and nights ;
And from the seat of Dr. B—,
I glanced far far away to sea,

That lay in its blue mantle dressed,
With scarce a ripple on its breast ;
And oh ! what an enchanting sight !
To see the sun rise in its might,
Refreshed right from its ocean bed !
The morning clouds before it fled,
All nature smiling seemed to say,
Thrice welcome, glorious orb of day !
I felt, as if by magic, bound,
Upon some strange enchanted ground ;
And that same gentle fairy hand,
Had wafted me to fairy land ;
But, ah ! the scene I wished unchanged,
All suddenly was disarranged ;
Soon, soon, the sea's calm peaceful form
Was roused by a terrific storm.
Deep called to deep, up to the sky
The raging waves ran mountains high,
Traversing the wide ocean o'er,
In fury lashing every shore.
The awful scene, feared, yet admired
The very sight my soul inspired ;
And raised my thoughts in mute devotion
To him that made the mighty ocean ;
That on the lake of Galilee,
Once stilled the raging stormy sea.
Such, such is life, hath been, 'twill be,
'Tis like the everchanging sea ;
The wisest sages have confessed
Life's but a shifting scene at best ;

Chameleon-like at morn, 'tis white,
Then changed to black again ere night.
We laughed at morn, and ere we sleep,
Ill tidings came to make us weep ;
One day made glad, a son is born,
Next weeping he's been from us torn ;
One day in health, the next in pain,
A time to get and lose again ;
In heaps we gather stones to-day,
To-morrow cast them all away ;
Such, such, is life, yea every cup
With such ingredients is filled up.
May he who winds and waves obey,
Upon life's ocean be our stay ;
And land us on that peaceful shore,
When all life's changing scenes are o'er ;
To dwell with the unchanging God,
In an unchanging blessed abode.

September 21, 1875.



EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

ON HEARING A SERMON ON THE WORDS

" REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY."

I.

THE preacher shouted loud, of course,
Until his very throat was hoarse,
That day to keep ;

And warned us not to read the news,
Nor shave our beards, nor brush our shoes,
Nor yet to sleep.

II.

And not to let our feet be found
On steamers' decks for pleasure bound
To Rockaway ;
Nor up the river East or North,
Let none be found from this time forth ;
Nor down the bay.

III.

And then the preacher, furthermore,
Warned each of us to shut his store,
If he had one ;
And in the true appointed way,
To keep the holy Sabbath day,
And evil shun.

IV.

All that the preacher said, of course,
I felt quite ready to indorse,
And said amen ;
But ah ! although his words were right,
Example, with its withering blight,
Left its foul stain.

V.

The benediction next pronounced,
Then out the worthy preacher bounced,
 Now walked he far ;
When lo ! to ease his weary feet,
And shelter from the scorching heat,
 Jumped in a car.

September, 1875.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SISTER AGNES.

I.

How lovely was her life of faith,
 Calm and decided ;
And oh ! how lovely in her death,
 And undivided.

II.

Firm as a rock, Christ by her side,
 Oh ! how defiant ;
She dared stem error's sweeping tide,
 For truth a giant.

III.

Yea in her dwelt, deep at the core,
 The martyr's spirit ;
And oh ! how patiently she bore
 The cross unwearied.

IV.

The martyr's death she could have faced,
Had it been needed ;
And would the burning stake embrace,
For Christ undreaded.

V.

But ah ! she's gone, that friend most kind,
And ever pleasant ;
But, for her friends, she's left behind
A life well seasoned.

VI.

Now far from those that loved her dear,
Our lovely sister
Is shining in a higher sphere,
With brighter lustre.

VII.

Elisha-like, then let us catch
Her mantle falling ;
And like her be upon our watch,
For Christ's home calling.

October, 1875.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MEGINNIS.

I.

GONE the way of all the living,
Gone from all life's cares below ;
Gone, we hope, to dwell in heaven,
Where but few kings ever go.

II.

On that blood all, all prevailing,
Leaning on her Saviour's arm ;
Dared to meet, by faith unfailing,
Death's approach without alarm.

III.

Oh ! how oft, in thought, we enter
Where the willows sweetly wave ;
There, our clustering thoughts would center,
Round a mother's lonely grave.

IV.

Hark ! a voice said, "Time is flying.
What I'm now, you soon must be ;
Oh ! remember you are dying,
Haste, prepare to follow me."

February, 1876.

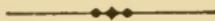
A PERFECT MAN.

I HEARD a man, the other day,
Before a congregation say,
That he was perfect out and in,
And altogether free from sin ;
That he was born again, he knew,
And very time he knew it too,
Was fully sanctified that day,
And all his sins washed clean away ;
And since that time was perfect sure,
That he was living perfect pure,
Which meant just neither more nor less,
No sin had he now to confess.—
In many things we offend all,
No way referred to him at all ;
But meant for those in doubts and fears,
That mourn their sins with many tears.
Hope to be saved, he thought at best
A broken reed whereon to rest ;
Hope, for his creed seemed rather tough,
And in his view was not enough ;
So from his creed had it erased,
And in its stead assurance placed ;
Of course, I thought without a doubt,
This man, so perfect in and out,
Had heard the chime of Plymouth bells,
And largely drank at Plymouth wells,

Whose waters turn a man insane,
And breed perfection on the brain ;
By Plymouthism so puffed up,
He seemed just like a poisoned pup,
Which made him fancy, one might guess,
That none were birds of Paradise,
That lacked the Plymouth cry cuckoo ;
I'm all perfection through and through.
I felt no scruples just at once,
To say that man's a perfect dunce,
And one, I easily could forbode,
Knew not himself, and knew not God ;
And in his sight, to say the least,
Was but, at best, a perfect beast.
How durst a man, a worm, a clod,
Say I am pure before that God,
In whose all-searching glance is seen
The very heavens to be unclean.
And specks in holy angels view,
And charge them all with folly too ;
A perfect man ! absurd ! he lies !
Deceives himself ! the truth denies !
And casts it right behind his back,
And with delusions fills his pack ;
A perfect man the earth ne'er trod,
But one, that eternal Son of God.
The greatest saints, yea, and the best,
Their imperfections have confessed ;
And found that when they good would do
Evil then was present too ;

And in them, to their last, could trace
That terrible war twixt sin and grace ;
And imperfections in the soul
They saw, until they reached death's goal.
Up in thy strength, oh Lord, arise,
And sweep away these Plymouth lies,
Make men to learn that men they be,
And their own imperfections see.

May, 1876.



LINES TO MY NEPHEW MATTHEW WADDELL.

PURSER IN THE STEAMSHIP "CALEDONIA."

As round my dwelling angry storms,
In all their wildest winter forms,
The furious winds, the snow, and hail,
Are roused into a perfect gale ;
Before the dawn, perhaps to bring
Some fearful tidings on its wing ;
Of wreck and ruin on the coast,
And terrible sufferings of the lost ;
Then on the elements at war,
Away my thoughts would wander far,
O'er every ocean, every sea,
In search, my dear young friend, for thee ;
And saw, I fancied, through the storm,
The Caledonia's well-known form ;

Disabled, laboring in the gale,
With broken masts, and tattered sail,
And saw the crew stand all amazed,
As on the awful scene they gazed ;
Afraid, lest the next coming wave
Might sweep them to a watery grave ;
I thought the boldest held his breath,
When brought right face to face with death ;
And few perhaps, right at death's goal,
Had found an anchor for the soul,
Or yet an arm whereon to lean,
On entering on the world unseen ;
But through this fancied ship and crew,
My thoughts kept wandering after you,
And wondered if in this sad tryst,
If Christ knew you and you knew Christ ;
And if your father's God indeed,
Your Helper was in time of need.
One thought arose with hope was fraught,
As at your early life I caught,
That you had in the days of youth,
By parents kind, been taught the truth ;
And truth was still your guiding star,
Through every storm to lands afar,
Your refuge sure, and strongest tower,
And shelter in life's darkest hour ;
Whilst from my memory I would clip
The laboring fancied phantom ship,
Yet, there's one truth, without a doubt,
That you and I cannot rub out :

Our life is short, the time draws nigh,
When death will come to you and I ;
The time, and place, where e'er it be,
By night or day, on land or sea,
That moment set, then we must go,
Whether we are prepared or no.
They live the happiest life, they say,
That learn the art to die each day ;
If thus we live, good will attend,
And peace be in our latter end ;
All's well, that at the last ends well,
Yours most sincerely, D. Waddell.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MARGARET BARCLAY.

I.

THE truth, lest it away should slip,
She held with a tenacious grip ;
So, hence the truth was Maggie's stay,
And comfort through life's rugged way.

II.

Each day, deep at the very core,
The truth she laid away in store ;
Hence with that ever living Bread,
Was Maggie's table daily spread.

III.

In modesty, without display,
She quietly would her sayings say ;
Her words well ordered were and few,
She never uttered half she knew.

IV.

As Maggie lived, so Maggie died,
So with these parts together tied,
And placed together, side by side,
We learn that God was Maggie's guide.

V.

Henceforth from earth, though Maggie's gone,
Her whereabouts is not unknown ;
If Maggie's guide was Maggie's God,
'Tis easy guessing her abode.

VI.

For me, just at some leisure hour,
Plant upon Maggie's grave a flower,
That long to visitors may tell
I am a flower from D. Waddell.

WITHERED LEAVES.

I.

ONE autumn, when a-raking leaves,
How little did I think,
That I would see these withered leaves,
To one another wink.

II.

From winking to each other, next,
To whispering it came ;
I listened and I overheard,
Them whispering my name.

III.

From raking, for a time, I ceased,
Resolved, without a doubt,
As I was seemingly their text,
To hear their sermon out.

IV.

And, as the whispering louder grew,
I felt still drawing near,
To listen more attentively,
And hear what I could hear.

V.

"Twas plain they had been scanning me,
From what I heard them say ;
That I was like a withered leaf,
And fading fast away.

VI.

My stooping gait they noticed too,
And that my pace was slow ;
That soon my hair, already gray,
Would be as white as snow.

VII.

That I was hanging by a twig,
'Twas evident to see ;
And that a very little breeze,
Would shake me from the tree.

VIII.

They said, my very looks bespoke
My summer days were fled ;
That soon these withered leaves would be
A cover for my bed.

IX.

Then eyeing me from head to foot,
They whispered one and all
Oh man ! how will it be that day,
When from the tree you fall ?

X.

Again, they whispered in my ear,
Your deeds bring to the light ;
Most strictly scrutinize the past,
Make sure that all is right.

XI.

Then, finally, summing up the whole,
With an appeal most brief ;
Oh man ! go learn the lessons all,
Taught by a withered leaf.

OUR FIRST PARENTS.

I.

COULD I with father Adam meet,
Or mother Eve upon the street,
Some day by chance ;
'Tis very like, that either one
Would recognize me as their son,
Just at a glance.

II.

How easy both of them could trace
Their very image in my face ;
And that I bear

Their very mark, original sin,
And their whole image out and in,
Right to the core.

III.

I'm very like my mother Eve,
In being apt just to believe
 What I should not ;
'Twould seem I've got my mother's bump,
For into error oft I jump,
 Without a thought.

IV.

I'm like my father Adam, too,
The doings that he used to do,
 I do the same ;
For instance, when I'm in a pinch,
I'm very apt the truth to flinch,
 And others blame.

V.

I'm very like them every way
Their very sayings, still I say,
 And doings do ;
Nor need I 'gainst the truth to fight,
'Tis plain I am an Adamite,
 Right through and through.

VI.

Since not in any way, I see,
Can I deny my pedigree,
 I say amen ;
If 'twere not for the grace of God,
This very day I'd be in Nod,
 With brother Cain.

VII.

But thanks to God, though Adam's dead,
A second Adam came in stead,
 And took his place ;
A Saviour, every way most fit
To rescue from the dreadful pit
 Our ruined race.

VIII.

Then, though I've suffered by the fall,
And have in Adam lost my all,
 And mourn my loss ;
Yet, my ten thousand talent debt,
Hath by the Saviour all been met,
 Upon the cross.

INGERSOLL.

I.

AWAKE ! Oh, Ingersoll ! awake,
Arouse, arouse, for pity's sake !
Mean you to take a madman's leap
Into eternity asleep ?

II.

Can naught, in all our earth and skies
Convince of truth, or ope your eyes ?
Can none of all these orbs so bright,
In your benighted soul throw light ?

III.

Can not God's word, that truthful page,
Admired and taught by saint and sage ?
Fails all its truths light to impart,
Or send conviction to your heart ?

IV.

Then all these truths at which you bark,
Be sure, one day will hit the mark,
Where e'er it be, that time and place,
The truth shall stare you in the face.

V.

Oh, Ingersoll ! bethink, bethink !
Before you reach that awful brink ;
Before you leap, oh fate ! most dire,
To learn the truth, in flames of fire !

VI.

Then all these truths on earth denied,
And that same God on earth defied,
We've met the lost in anguish yell,
With that same God and truth in hell.

VII.

Oh, Ingersoll ! awake, awake !
Fly, fly to Christ, for pity's sake,
For He that saved the dying thief,
Can sinners save, the very chief.

WHAT PRESERVES OUR CITY.

I.

Not the fort with monstrous cannon,
Placed to guard the coming foe,
Not the host, with blue swords gleaming,
O'er the marshalled plains below.

II.

Not the ironclad fleet at anchor,
Near our shores, or in the bay,
Not the strong-armed force within it,
Could the city keep one day.

III.

Where then lies the city's safety ?
Wherein lies it, tell us where ?
Hark ! 'tis to the few saints, scattered
Through the city, here and there.

IV.

Oft have mighty arms been lifted,
Threatening its complete o'erthrow ;
In its midst, a praying people
Turned aside the threatened blow.

V.

If God had not left a remnant,
Ours would soon be Sodom's fate ;
Soon would the destroying angel
Enter at our city gate.

VI.

But the wrath that only lingers
O'er the city for its crime,
Will, in a tremendous fury,
Burst at the appointed time.

VII.

When God's hand is seen removing
 His own chosen, all away,
 Woe, oh, woe to the ungodly,
 In the city on that day.

VIII.

Harken ye ungodly, harken,
 All these coming judgments view,
 When from earth the saints are taken,
 What will then become of you ?

IX.

Why, oh why ! then will you perish ?
 Offered mercy still is nigh,
 Haste you to the ark of safety,
 From destructions city fly.

♦♦♦

ACROSTIC.

JOINED be his name to all that's great,
 A giant powerful in debate,
 Most learned, most able to explore
 Error and truth right to the core ;
 Strong, stanch he dared that truth main-
 tain

King o'er all kings, his Lord shall reign,
Even things obscure, things old and new,
Near and most clear he brought in view,
Nor him no one e'er better knew
Even now what Israel ought to do;
Decided, calm he dared to shield
Yea, those grand truths by blood once sealed.

* THE BROWNS.

I.

I TELL you what twixt you and I,
'Tis hard to bid the Browns good-bye ;
Wish ye to know the reason why ?

The reason's thus :
Without a scruple I can say,
They are good neighbors every way,
And all was done without display,
Or any fuss.

II.

We yet may meet, I cannot tell,
But should we not, I wish them well,
Hoping they'll mind old D. Waddell,
Sometimes at least.

And I, long for the Browns so kind,
In memory a place will find,
And oft review them in my mind
 Away down East.

OUR HOUSE ON THE HILL.

OUR romping children for the day,
Had quit their roaring childish play.
Obedient to his high behest,
The sun had set far in the west ;
The moon and stars all glorious bright,
Around our dwelling shed their light,
And lovely streaks of light and shade,
Through all our trees and bushes played ;
Then in the rear all in a group,
Stood our nice barn and chicken coop,
And near it stood a lovely oak,
As guardian from the lightning's stroke ;
And o'er our walnut tree and shop,
The moon her silver robes let drop ;
And all around, and up the lot,
The moon, that night had not forgot ;
Then on the front delightful scene,
Our lovely flowers and sloping green ;
Where oft, in our old rustic chair,
We sat and breathed the evening air,

And glanced around us far and wide,
At scenery rich on every side,
And oh, the grand enchanting sight,
The river seemed that lovely night ;
The moon with all her sweetest charms,
Had clasped the river in her arms ;
And with her loving lips of light,
Seemed kissing it with great delight ;
And here our neighbors' dwellings too,
Are interwoven in this view ;
Long shall our neighbor, John H. E.,
And neighbor Brown remembered be ;
In time of need, both had the art
To help and take a neighbor's part ;
And who a neighbor's friendly face
From memory could e'er erase ?
Amongst us not a withering jar,
Our peace or character to mar,
How grand the sight all, all serene,
Peace reigned o'er all the lovely scene ;
Henceforth, I wish that peace may still,
Reign in our dwellings on the hill ;
Yet, all this lovely scene so bright
Would be eclipsed in darkest night,
Compared with that august abode,
That high all glorious hill of God,
Where in the midst of it there stands,
That glorious house not made with hands,
No finite mind could e'er unfold
That city with its streets of gold ;

Or of those glorious mansions tell,
Where saints and holy angels dwell,
Where trees of life forever grow,
And living streams out through it flow ;
Oh ! then I'll aim that at my end,
Up to these mansions I ascend ;
To Christ my everliving head,
Who died and suffered in my stead.
To live with Him in joy untold,
And walk with Him those streets of gold ;
And by those streams through pastures green
Far, far above this moonlight scene.

MY BIRTHDAY,
SABBATH, AUG. 22, 1880.

I.

ALL hail ! the youngest of thy race !
I'm glad to see thy smiling face,
 This Sabbath morn ;
In adding up this year of thine,
With others gone makes sixty-nine,
 Since I was born.

II.

A moment stay my youngest year,
And let me whisper in your ear
 A word or two ;

Art thou the last, or hast thou skill
To tell if there's a younger still
 To come, than thee ?

III.

A smile upon its countenance played,
In words most brief it answer made:
 Hear me, I pray ;
Such knowledge is above my power,
To tell thou'l have another hour,
 Or year or day.

IV.

My time is short, yet, though it be,
Time shorter far may be to thee ;
 For who can say,
Ere August eighteen eighty-one,
Your race on earth may then be run,
 And you away.

V.

Take my advice, be on the watch,
Awake, the passing moments catch ;
 And it may be,
The glorious August's summer sun
Of eighteen hundred eighty-one
 May shine on thee.

VI.

“ Adieu ! ” it said, my words retain,
For me thou’lt never see again,
 No, never, never ;
Another birthday thou mayst see,
But thou and I must parted be,—
 Parted forever.



PREMILLENNIALISM.

I.

IF Premillennialism’s true,
That kind of truth to me is new,
 And rather tough ;
They seem to have a dreadful fight,
To make two wrongs to be a right,
 Is plain enough.

II.

It puzzles me, I tell you what,
To know what they want to get at
 And I may say,
Like me, they’re sometimes puzzled too,
And at a loss just what to do,
 To find their way.

III.

On that account, I'm led to think
They sometimes break a scripture link,
 To make things chime,
And wrest the scriptures too, I fear
To make the Saviour just appear,
 At their own time.

IV.

The time is near, so they maintain,
That Christ in Palestine shall reign ;
 Should that be so,
For my own part, I must conclude,
And wish it clearly understood,
 I cannot go.

V.

The reason why in these hard times,
I know not where to raise the dimes
 To pay my fare ;
And just as like as not I fear,
Him I might neither see nor hear,
 Though I were there.

VI.

One thing seems plain enough to me
At the same time, Christ cannot be
 In heaven and here ;

If so, no Advocate have I
To intercede for me on high,
 To me is clear.

VII.

In all creation, who, I say,
Could fill his place when He's away ?
 I know of none ;
Yea, all the premillennial wit,
Combined in a grand rapturous fit,
 Could not find one.

VIII.

But that's not all, they further say,
Our world is now, in every way,
 In a sad plight ;
And so complete out of repair,
Naught but Christ's presence, they declare,
 Could set it right.

IX.

What ! is God's Spirit, I would ask,
Unable to fulfill the task,
 To Him assigned ?
Has the Almighty been nonplused,
And forced to yield to man, but dust,
 And so resigned ?

X.

A fearful thought ! oh ! may it be
Laid hold of by some wise D.D.,
 Of the right stamp ;
To ope those eyes now seeing double,
And burst that Premillennial bubble,
 And on it tramp.

XI.

All premillennial doctrine shun,
And from such foolish notions run,
 Away in dread ;
Lest such erroneous bombast,
That they o'er simple truth would cast,
 Upset your head.

XII.

Come, oh, our Saviour Jesus Christ !
Thou with Thy people hast set tryst,
 To come again ;
Come in Thy own appointed day,
Unknown to man, come, Lord, I pray,
 Amen, amen !

THE MEAN GRANGER.

SEE him on his way a scouring,
Round about him glowering, glowering,
To the Rockford fair repairing,
There to spend the day in starving,
Only fifty cents he carried,
More than that he could not spare it,
Full resolved, no, not for any
At the fair to spend a penny.
Tried to enter in unheeded,
But the law's strong arm he dreaded,
Courage failed ; he durst not venture,
Thirty-five he paid to enter,
Glad naught's charged at the outgoing,
On he hies, with looks quite knowing,
Eyes awry and mouth wide open,
Through the crowds his way a gropin',
Everything his eyes devouring,
Glad that naught is charged for glowering.
Through temptations many wading,
Every one their wares parading,
Full resolved on self-denying
Shuts his heart against all buying,
On he pries through every corner,
Lest he'd miss some hid Jack Horner,
Or nice chickens from the prairie,
Horse or hog, or a canary.

To the races now he's steering,
Glad that naught is charged for cheering.
With the crowds at every outing,
Loud with lungs and lips a shouting.
Lastly, of the scene grown weary
Thoughts within rose dark and dreary.
At the gateway out in passing,
Conscience's sting was most harassing.
In his throat alive and kicking,
The old thirty-five was sticking,
All his might he tried to vomit,
Yet came no deliverance from it.
Conscience like a robin chirping,
Ever in his ear kept hirping,
Ever bidding him remember
Rockford fair in last September.
Keep away, I beg thee, stranger,
From the dwelling of that granger,
Far myself I'll keep, I dare say,
From his cruel tender mercy.

TO SWEARING BARBERS.

I.

SWEARING'S a sin in every place,
But swearing in the public's face
Is hard to bear.

'The barber's chair's a public seat,
All oaths or language indiscreet
Should not be there.

II.

Ye sons of Japheth and of Ham,
'The devil laughs to hear you dam,
Don't be his slave.
But tastefully, without an oath,
Around the neck adjust the cloth,
And crop and shave.

III.

'Tis by the public understood,
A barber's shop's a public good,
And so say I ;
Yet I'll not be if I'm aware,
Within that shop where barbers swear,
I'll pass that by.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

THAT love that lifted me from hell
Is very great, I know full well ;
But oh, its length, its breadth, and height,
Is far beyond my highest flight ;

And reaches far above the ken,
Of either angels or of men ;
It keeps our highest thoughts at bay,
And upwards ever moves away ;
No finite mind can ever know
The love bound in that little “ So; ”
Then oh, my soul adore, adore !
And learn to know Him more and more ;
Obey my soul His high behest,
Obedience make thy only test ;
Then oh, my soul, redeeming love
Shall ever be thy song above ;
Thou ever must a learner be,
Of that great love of God to thee.

SATAN’S ADDRESS TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF TOIL.

HARKEN to me a little while,
Ye sons and daughters all of toil;
By some I’m blamed for telling lies,
Yet still with you I sympathize ;
Some ministers I can maintain,
To all I say, would say, amen.
What I propose, I know, of course,
This day ten thousand would indorse.

So, then, to show that I'm sincere,
Just let me whisper in your ear,
I've noticed you day after day,
And see your health is giving way;
Nor need you wonder, then I own,
To find your health is breaking down ;
Through all the week you toil and sweat,
Your shirts oftentimes all dripping wet,
And oftentimes too, I'm well aware,
Without a breath of good fresh air ;
That constitution needs be strong,
That could endure such treatment long.
On that account none can deny,
Ten thousand in this city die ;
Oh ! then, dear friends, my aim shall be,
From troubles all to set you free ;
Your ear a moment then I crave,
To save you from an early grave :
Then first, dear friends, think it not strange,
When the word Sabbath I exchange,
And in its place would Sunday choose,
Which seems more liberal in its views,
And not so apt just to molest,
That chiming conscience in your breast.
Oh ! then, dear friends, I may suppose,
'Twill meet your views when I propose,
You go to church one half the day,
The other half to stay away,
And that, you know, will keep things square,
The afternoons you are not there ;

My counsels, then, dear friends, obey,
I urge you off without delay ;
There's parks enough and steamboats too
And cars in every avenue ;
Go then, dear friends, just where you choose,
And spend the day, and read the news,
My dearest friends, your health's at stake
Don't strain at gnats for pity's sake.
So then, dear friends, your nerves to brace,
Some lager beer would be in place,
Or should you have a fainting spell,
A little brandy answers well,
And soon new vigor and new health,
Like dew shall drop on you by stealth,
And I, your friend, do hope and trust,
To see you soon strong and robust ;
Your children too, all plump and ruddy,
Quite able Algebra to study ;
But should your health progress but slow,
Still I would urge you on to go,
And in that case I would suggest,
And point you to what I think best ;
No longer you in church must sit,
Your health, dear friends, will not permit.
Instead of half, to all I say,
Dear friends, take Sunday all the day ;
That way, dear friends, you may depend,
Your health will speedily amend ;
Of course I'll see you here and there,
As I'm around most everywhere ;

And I, your friend, you may depend,
Will watch you closely to the end.
Be faithful then, dear friends, till death,
And I'll attend your latest breath ;
And on the other side, I'll show
The very place where you must go ;
And evermore we then shall share
All things awaiting on us there.

Your friend,

S.





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